



Clark & Pina Sc. 1719.

Lugubres Cantus.

P O E M S

On several GRAVE and IMPORTANT

SUBJECTS,

Chiefly occasion'd by the

DEATH of the late Ingenious YOUTH

JOHN MITCHELL.

IN TWO PARTS.

With a General Preface by Appointment of
an ATHENIAN SOCIETY in Edinburgh.

— — — *Præcipe Lugubres*
Cantus Melpomene. — — — Hor. lib. I. Od. 24.

L O N D O N:

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August 1861

P. O. F. M. S.

Office of the Secretary of the Interior

SUBJECTS

Office of the Secretary of the Interior

Department of the Interior

JOHN W. CHELL



Office of the Secretary of the Interior

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A General Preface.



Preliminary Epistle to the Reader of these Poems, will not be judged uncouth, and need an Apology ; since Prefaces are become so fashionable as to be prefixed almost to every new Play that is

publish'd. 'Tis true, I never saw a small Piece of any sort usher'd into the World with a Preface, but I had a Suspicion that the Author was jealous of his Performance, and afraid to venture it forth into the Hands of other Men, till he had first endeavour'd to prejudice them in his Favour. And I believe I am not the only Person who entertains this Sentiment. But as the Authors and Publishers of this Collection have not commanded me to plead for it, so I decline saying any thing that might byass even vulgar Minds. If the Work is worth Approbation, good impartial Judges will never grudge the deserved Praise and Encourage-

A General Preface.

couragement; if otherwise, they would reckon an hyperbolical Recommendation of it a Reproach to the Judgment of my Constituents, as well as to my own Discretion in writing it.

My Business then, Reader, is only to give you an historical Account of the Occasion and Nature of these Poems, and how they came to be publish'd. That I may do this with Integrity, 'tis requisite I tell you in the first Place, that on the Death of an ingenious Youth in the Country, his Brother and another young Gentleman of his Age and Spirit, who had liv'd in perfect Friendship with him, were most sensibly afflicted, and knew not how to divert their Sorrows better than by unbosoming them to one another. When Fire is long pent up, it rises to a Flame, and carries all before the consuming Blaze; but when 'tis early discover'd or revealed, it is quench'd or suppress'd ere much Loss is sustained by it. Thus Mr. *Mitchell* himself expresses the Thing in his passionate Epistle to Mr. *Calender* :

To thee I would unbosom my Distress ;

'The Smoak, when vented, uses to grow less.

Like hidden Fire, true Sorrow, when conceal'd,

Consumes us up, but dies, when soon reveal'd.

For that End several Poems on various Occasions and Subjects, were made by them as they were disposed. If the telling one's Mind to another Person may be allow'd one good Mean to discharge it of the Woes that burden it, certainly a Narration in Verse is the most entertaining

A General Preface.

aining Way. Poetry has such mighty Charms, that Sorrow and Cares vanish before it. When *Philosophy*, Tears, Books, and Company cannot ease the Mind, the *Muses* seldom fail to succeed. The ingenious Mr. *Norris* hath a just Sentiment to this Purpose in a Poem to the Memory of his Niece. The Lines are,

By Tears to ease my Grief I've try'd,
And Philosophick Med'cines have apply'd ;
From Books and Company I've sought Relief,
I've us'd all Spells and Charms of Art,
To lay this Troubler of my Heart.
I have ; yet I'm still haunted by my Grief.
These give some Ease, but still I find,
'Tis Poetry at last must cure my Mind.
Come then, t' assuage my Pain I'll try
The Magick of its Harmony.

Thus in humble Manuscripts did the two surviving Friends, for some Weeks, as their Humour and Opportunity served them, endeavour to divert their Sorrows for the Loss of him, whose Death broke their virtuous Triumvirate. And 'tis very probable they would have conceal'd their Manuscripts from the World, as well as their private Grievs, if they had not been accidentally discover'd by a Member of an *Athenian Society* in *Edinburgh*, who expos'd 'em to his Friends in one of their Meetings. I need not tell that these honourable Gentlemen judg'd them worthy to be publish'd, since it is by their Appointment that I am favour'd with an Occasion of giving a publick

A General Preface.

publick Proof of my Respect to the young Authors, and Esteem for their Friendly Performances.

I should next account for the Motives and Views, which the Society had in allowing this Collection to pass under their Authority, were I not afraid that the Preface should more than proportion the Bulk of the Book. A Scandal common enough in our Age! It may be sufficient to tell, that besides the Charms of Nature and Friendship, which are conspicuous in these loose and careless Performances, the Zeal we have for our Country's Honour and Interest, and the Encouragement we are dispos'd to afford our Youth, who begin of late to shew a noble Genius, and discover a generous Emulation in the Study of all polite Accomplishments, particularly Poetry, put us upon this Method; and we hope, since we are as good Friends to the Publick, and as seldom uneasy to it, as any Set of Mortals, no Body will deny us the Privilege of Acting as well as Thinking freely, when we have a Mind.

'Ere long (if the Prospect we now have of our rising Generation in *Scotland* deceive us not) the World may have the Satisfaction to know, and be better entertained by them, in whose Name this Preface is compos'd by

R E A D E R,

Your good Friend and humble Servant,

Edinburgh,
May 7, 1719.

J. Hume.

TABLE to PART I.

V ERSES spoken Extempore at receiving the News of my Brother's Death	Page 1
Verſes ſpokeꝛ Extempore at the Sight of my Bro- ther's dead Corps	2
Epitaph for my Brother's Tomb	3
The Friendly Mourner	5
The Reflection. An Ode	19
The Dirge. A Pastoral Eclogue ſacred to the Me- mory of my deceas'd Brother	25
An Ode to the Reverend Mr. Iſaac Watts, V. D. M.	33
An Epiſtle to Mr. John Calender	39
Thoughts on Humane Life. An Ode. To my Sister	53
Thoughts on Death and Judgment. An Ode	59
An Epiſtle to the Reverend Mr. John Guthrey, V. D. M.	63
To a Candle. In Imitation of the Numbers of Mr. Pope in his Ode on Silence	74
Pſalm xlii. 5. Paraphras'd	78
Pſalm xciv. 19. Paraphras'd	82
The Lark. A Soliloquy	85
The Woes of Life. In Blank Verſe	88
The Panting Soul	94
An Epiſtle to Major Pack	97
Of Muſick. To a Young Lady	100
To Fortune	102

TABLE to PART II.

E pitaph for my dear Friend John Mitchell	Page 115
Menalcas. <i>A Pastoral Eclogue, sacred to the Memory of my deceased Friend</i>	116
<i>A Pindarick Ode</i>	126
<i>To Sleep</i>	136
<i>The Curiosity</i>	138
<i>The Dream</i>	143
<i>An Epistle to Mr. Joseph Mitchell</i>	148
<i>An Epistle to Mr. Robert Duncan</i>	154
<i>To Delia. Against weeping immoderately</i>	160
<i>David's Elegy on Saul and Jonathan, done into English Verse, from 2 Sam. i. 19, &c.</i>	162
<i>Psalms xc. Paraphras'd</i>	172
<i>To my young Friend William Mitchell</i>	177
<i>Of Happiness</i>	180
<i>Of the Immortality of the Soul and a future State, in Blank Verse</i>	183
<i>To Mr. Robert Blair</i>	186
<i>Psalms xxiii. Imitated</i>	193
<i>The Elevation</i>	196



Lugubres Cantus.

P O E M S

On several GRAVE and IMPORTANT

SUBJECTS,

Chiefly occasion'd by the

DEATH of the late Ingenious YOUTH

JOHN MITCHELL,

Who dy'd *January 5, 1719.*

In the XIXth Year of his Age.

P A R T I.

By His B R O T H E R.

*Mulus ille flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Mitcheli.*

Hor. lib. i. Od. 24.

LONDON, Printed *Anno Dom. MDCCXIX.*



To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHELL,

On his P O E M S

*Occasioned by the Death of his
Brother and Friend.*

TH E Muse that taught your better Muse to sing,
And soar advent'rous on a steady Wing,
Himself confesses on the Occasion proud,
To pay this Homage with th' inspired Croud,
To thee, young Friend, his Ornament and Praise,
Whom Art and Nature have combin'd to raise.
As prudent Parents oft their Love conceal,
To their dear Children whom they see excel,
Yet, with true Pleasure, hear their real Worth
By other Men impartially set forth ;
So I the Beauties of your early Song
Have inly priz'd, but yet conceal'd it long :

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
No more I'll smother my transporting Flame,
But vouch my Love, and your Desert proclaim.

SINCE first you sung on *Ratho's* pleasing Plains,
The honest Passions of the simple Swains,
(A charming Toil, and worthy of a Boy,
His tender Muse, like *Maro*, to employ!)
Well have you try'd in more exalted Lays,
On higher Subjects to record your Praise.
How am I ravish'd, when I read the Verse,
In which Heav'ns sacred Matters you rehearse?
Despising mortal Criticks idle Rules,
You seem to rival the celestial Souls,
Who aid the Triumphs of immortal Joy,
With Hymns of Praises that can never cloy.
Unlike the Heathen Writers of the Age,
Religion is the Glory of your Page:
The Muses to their proper Ends you aim,
And shew from whence your Inspiration came.

If from more serious Labour you unbend
Your busy Thoughts to entertain your Friend,
Such Wit and Judgment in your Letters shine,
Such Ease and Strength are joyn'd in ev'ry Line,

That

~~THESE THINGS ARE~~
That we; who know you best, can hardly tell,
(Tho' in each Way of Writing you do well,)
Where lies your Talent, wherein you excell.

Y E T were your Genius by my Judgment sway'd,
Your fam'd *Translation* should not be delay'd.
Too long great *Cambray*, English'd by his Foes,
Hath slept and suffer'd in disclaimful Prose.
Already you (if Versions can revive,
And make the Spirit of an Author live,)
With good Success, advent'rous have begun —
We wait with Pain to see the Labour done,
Where Judgment ripen'd in each Line appears,
And all the Fire peculiar to your Years.

B U T ah ! my Friend, too much I cannot blame
Your Negligence, and slow Essays for Fame :
Your Muse of late, afflicted as your Mind,
By losing both a Brother and a Friend ;
Deep plung'd in Grief, all other Subjects scorn'd,
'Till first his Urn was gratefully adorn'd.
O happy Youth, possess'd of Bliss above,
And here on Earth preserv'd alive by Love !

Ne'er did I know two Brothers more endear'd !
Such Monuments unto a Friendship rear'd !
Yet be advis'd, nor vent your Sorrows more :
The blessed Shade forbids you to deplore.
A private Loss has shar'd your Muse too long ;
Your Country now demands a higher Song.
Tho' true it is, we by your Sorrows gain,
And call that Pleasure, which to you is Pain :
For 'midst your Grief your Lays appear divine,
And heavenly Beauties thro' your Sadness shine.
Your growing Muse, in her dejected State,
Looks lovely still, and undisguis'dly great.
Just so the sparkling Rays of Godhead shone
Thro' mourning Dress, and made *Calypso* known.

THE Freedom I on this Occasion use
My modest Friend should generously excuse.
You know my Heart is, like your own, sincere ;
Nor need I be to you a Flatterer.
These Lines but half my Heart's Desires express ;
You merit more, nor cou'd my Love say less.

R. Boyd.

*To the AUTHOR of the First
Part of the Lugubres Cantus.*

ENcomiums suit not these censorious Days,
When few bestow, and fewer merit Praise;
Our Bards condemn all Poems but their own,
And Criticks by their general Spite are known.
Envy and Satyr are the constant Fate
Of all new Authors, if they are not Great.
High Titles, Posts, Authority and Fame,
Make Poets shine, tho' worthless of a Name.
When Praise is yielded by the Tasteless Croud,
The Cry grows universal, as 'tis loud.
So partial, and so noisy People are,
That real Merit sculks obscure for Fear:
Scarce one peeps forth, e'er he is knocked down,
And groans beneath the Vengeance of the Town.
But most they are expos'd to publick Spite,
Who in a rude and sullen Country write.

A

Ungenerous

Ungenerous Minds, with Prejudice possess,
Despise the Brave, and make their Works a Jest :
While others meanly reckon Nothing fine,
Can in a poor abandon'd Nation shine ;
That foggy Air th' aspiring Genius checks,
And adverse Fate a noble Spirit breaks.

As if the Oak on Mountains could not rise,
And Palms oppress'd shoot faster to the Skies.

Y o u, Generous Youth, by Heav'n itself inspir'd,
Betimes display'd the noble Heat that fir'd
Your Mind to Action, while ten Thousand lay
Lazy as Owls that shun the Face of Day.

Like Tapers burning in a Sepulcher

Many alas ! too many *Scots-men* are ;

Useless to all Mankind they live, and die,

Without one Pile to save their Memory;

Proud of their modest Indolence and Shame,

They seem to scorn what their own Merits claim.

As govern'd by some fatal Providence,

They baffle Nature's Gifts of Wit and Sense.

Learning in vain on many is bestow'd,

Who differ nothing from the wretched Crowd.

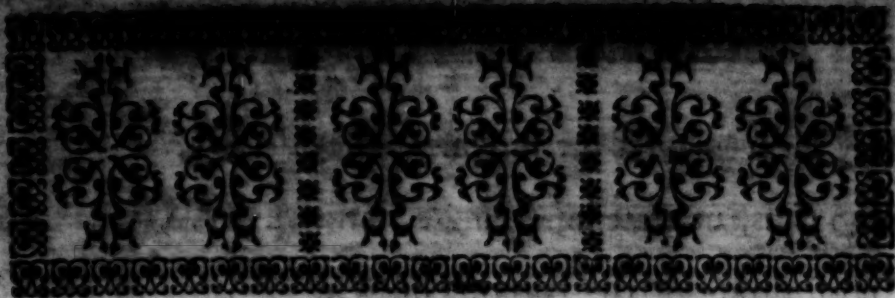
May

~~THE MUSE'S CAUSE~~
May Heaven avert the Judgment they deserve,
Who thus, ungrateful, from its Statutes swerve,
And frustrate all the Purposes of Wit,
Or hinder those that wou'd improve themselves, and it!

IN spite of Censure and Misfortune rise,
Dear Youth, your rugged Land to civilize ;
'The Muse's Cause, by worthy Strains defend,
And be no less a Poet than a Friend.

THE mournful Labours you perform'd of late,
Without Design discover something great.
With Pleasure we peruse your noble Lines,
Where Art is hid, while moving Nature shines.
So just, so good, is every Sentiment,
So lively you the Passions represent,
That we must own the *English* Muse is yours,
With as much Right and Liberty as ours.
Let narrow Minds deny you this Applause,
I'll never censure, where there is no Cause :
Nor need you fear the Want of due Success,
Since the *Athenians* lead you to the Press.

A. Philips.

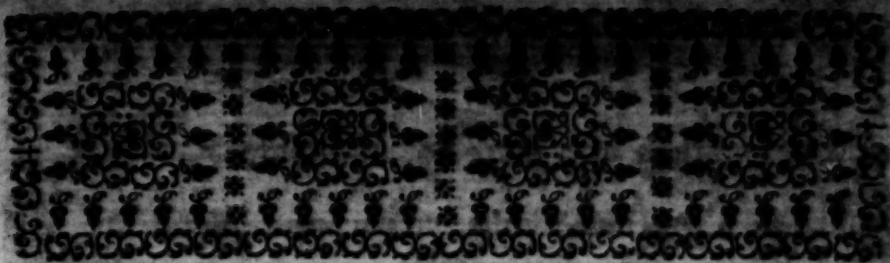


To Mr. MITCHELL.

O U R Hopes and fond Endeavours now succeed,
Edina's Bards begin to raise their Head,
Avouch whate'er they please to write, and claim
What we must yield, ---an equal Right to Fame.
Such Influence has *GEORGE*'s happy Reign,
Fruit ripens best, when blest with Rays benign.
So when *Augustus* grac'd the *Roman* State;
True Learning flourish'd, and the Bards were great.
The Royal Favour rais'd the dead to Life,
And the whole Empire gain'd by brave and generous
Strife.

WERE I inspired by Panegyrick Verse,
Your Worth, dear Youth, I gladly should rehearse:
My hapless Muse can least his Praise proclaim,
Whose Merits most deserv'dly I esteem:
Your Works, where Nature and a Genius shine,
Declare you more than studied Lays of mine.

E. Young.



To my ingenious FRIEND,

Mr. *M I T C H E L L*,

On his

M O U R N F U L P O E M S

Occasion'd by his Brother's Death.

HAIL heav'nly Muse ! that with unbounded Fancy,
And Wit unknown to vulgar Bards, describes

The Charms of Friendship, and the cutting Pangs
Of Separation, which thy Soul has felt.

Souls great as thine can only court, and taste

Th' exalted Sweets of virtuous Love and Friendship.

Others perhaps may feel their Bosoms glow,

With that Affection which is natural,

To these whom chance at random join'd together.

A raging Fire to Womankind may burn

The Minds of others in a guilty Blaze;

[REDACTED]

But you, and such of a more noble Mould,
Count Life a Burthen, while you want a Friend
T' enhance your Joys, to sooth your anxious Mind,
And sympathize in all your cutting Sorrows.

IN your young Brother lately rais'd to Heav'n,
You had a Friend by double Bonds made yours :
In you he liv'd, with yours his Soul was mixt,
As meeting Streams that flow promiscuous on.
The Road of Life you walked Hand in Hand ;
One your Desires and your Aversions were :
Nought pleas'd the One, but what the other pleas'd.
Nor could Affliction seize you and not him :
Your Foes were his, and his were yours declar'd ;
As if for one another you were born.
Now he by Death, relentless Death is seiz'd,
And from your Heart, where he was rooted well,
Torn with tormenting Violence away ;
None but your self can the true Idea form
Of these smart Twinges which your Soul endures ;
You only can your present Pangs declare,
And open all the dreadful Wound to view.

~~END OF THE POEM~~

'Tis done.—Your Muse in her immortal Strains
Has sung the Charms of former Friendship well,
And in true Light the present Rack you suffer
To our Amazement represented here.
Methinks I suffer with you as I read
Your Lines, where Nature speaks with moving Words.
So lively all your Passion is describ'd,
I seem to share it, and approve your Woe.
Strange is the Pow'r of an inspired Pen;
It conquers me in Spite of my Endeavours:
When, undesigning, you engage the Heart,
What Energy is in your artful Lays?
If in your Melancholy State you charm,
How beautiful and ravishing your Song,
Where Art with Nature gloriously conspires?

J. W.





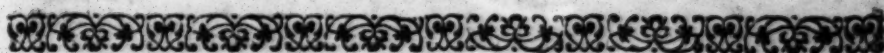
ERRATA.

PAge 16. line 13. dele *how*. P. 52. l. 4. for *in* read
on. P. 60. l. 14. for *Sould* read *Soul*. P. 86.
l. 1. read *for want of Pow'r*. P. 184. l. 2. for *Con-*
scious read *Unconscious*.





Lugubres Cantus.



VERSES spoken Extempore,

*At Receiving the News of my
Brother's Death, Jan. 5. 1719.*



H killing News! my Friend
and Brother dead!

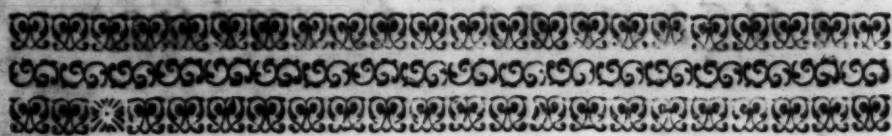
Ye guardian Angels lend a
present Aid,

Or, with my Joys, my Spirits soon shall go,
So great's my Loss, and so intense my Woe.

B

I thought

I thought the Conduct of the Fates was kind,
 And that for good their sparing was design'd :
 But now 'tis plain they lengthen'd out my Blifs,
 At last to plunge me in a dire Abyfs.



VERSES spoken Extempore,
*At the Sight of my Brother's
 Dead Corps, January 6.*

THOU best of Brothers, and thou best
 of Friends,

(For one our Int'rests were, as one our Minds)
 Could earnest Cries, and Floods of briny Tears,
 And all the pious Eloquence of Pray'rs,
 To thy cold Clay recall th' enliv'ning Breath,
 I'd soon relieve thee from the Jaws of Death.

But

But since the Fates relentless are, in vain
We wish thy Life, and seek thee back again.
Yet while from Fetters of the Grave I'm free,
True Love shall keep you still alive in me:
And if my Muse a deathless Fame can spread,
In latest times our Friendship shall be read.



E P I T A P H

For my BROTHER's Tomb.

I.

M*Itchell*, the Brother and the Friend,
To Heav'n, his native Clime, is gone;
And left his Ashes here behind,
Distinguish'd by this sacred Stone.

II.

His better part with true Delight
 Enjoys the bless'd Rewards of toil :
 No more the Flesh retards his Flight ;
 No Pow'r can now his Pleasure spoil.

III.

'Till he again to Earth return
 In triumph at the final Day,
 Let Angels watch his humble Urn,
 And keep untouch'd his mortal Clay.

IV.

May no dire Horrors of a Shade
 Come near the Youth's protected Tomb ;
 Sweet be his Slumbers, soft his Bed,
 And all his Dreams of Bliss to come.





The Friendly Mourner.

MUST I then live, immortal Pow'rs,
behind

My dearest Brother, and my dearest Friend?

I thought that Death, since we united were,

Would never seize a half, and t'other spare.

But with the spoil of that same half I see

So pleas'd he was, that he neglected me.

Tho' 'twas a Hardship, when my Goods are
gone

To leave me bare, distressed, and alone ;

Yet since to suffer painful Life I'm doom'd,

My Minutes shall not idly be consum'd.

I'll strive, sweet Soul ! thy Memory to save,

Since Thee I cannot ransom from the Grave.

By

By Grief inspir'd my Verses shall secure
 Our virtuous Love in spite of Fortune's Power,
 Stong Monuments at length betray their

Trust,

And, like their Builders, moulder into Dust :
 But Verse immortal, as its Authour, stands,
 Embalms true worth, and Reverence com-
 mands.

Tho' Tears, the Tokens of my inward Woe,
 Much faster than my sacred Verses flow,

mournful Muse shall please no other
 Theme,

Till she hath pay'd her Honours to thy Name.

But ah ! how shall I shew thy Worth at large,
 And my vast Debt of Gratitude discharge !
 How shall I tell the Virtues of thy Mind ?
 And what bright Beauties in thy Conduct
 shin'd ?

In

Lugubres Cantus.



In what soft Language shall I paint the Love
That glu'd our Souls, 'ere you was rais'd above;
Ye Muses, Graces, all ye sacred Train
Condole with me, and aid my mournful
Strain.

All ye who once have rapt'rous Sweets
enjoy'd,

And on a sudden had your Bliss destroy'd;

But chiefly ye, who virtuous Friendship knew,

And feel the Pangs of Separation now,

Join all your Griefs and dire Despair with
mine,

In sad united Sympathy combine,

Your secret Torture and Distress expose,

And all your Streams in my deep Ocean lose.

A H ! why should I implore a foreign Aid
To tell the Woes that all my Soul o'erspread!
What Sympathy, what Eloquence, and Art,
Can

8 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Can shew the Torment of my heavy Heart?
Nature that form'd him only can declare
My Sentiments, and what my Sorrows are.
Let Nature speak the Troubles of my Mind,
And, if she can, describe my parted Friend.

BEGIN---yet 'twill be wondrous hard I know,
Since grief hath laid my wretched Soul so low,
To sing our sacred Love and Friendship well;
How blest he liv'd, and how lamented fell.
His Virtues like a perfect round appear,
In vain I wou'd his Qualities declare:
No colours of my Poetry can paint
The various Charms of so belov'd a Saint:
For Judgment lies in Admiration lost,
Nor knows what Grace it should distinguish
most.

His

His Soul was generous, sprightly and refin'd,
Modest yet free, and without Flattery kind,
As if it never lodg'd with Flesh and Blood
It persever'd unspoted, and withstood
The false Allurements of this duller Earth,
As conscious of a more exalted Birth.
He scorn'd the Tricks of base Hypocrisy,
And chus'd to suffer, rather than to lie;
In every State his Conversation was
Serene and chearful, like his blooming Face.
He valued not the glaring Toys of state,
But judg'd it better to be Good than Great.
All his Companions wondred at his Youth,
So grac'd with Knowledge, Honesty and Truth!
The Seeds of Virtue in his Pactice grew,
Admir'd by all, and rivall'd but by few.
He hated Sloth, and shun'd the Ills of Strife,
And lov'd the Pleasures of retired Life.

His Conduct led by young Experience
To any Mortal never gave Offence;
So well he acted in his Span of Days,
That all, when living, crown'd the Youth
with Praise.

Now those, who wondred at his Worth before
His early Exit, and our Loss deplore.

Ye aged Parents now deserv'dly mourn,
When ye behold your Son's untimely Urn.
I cannot blame you for your mighty Grief,
Since with him fled your hope and kind Relief.
Usefull he was, as well as dear to you,
But lies unactive and in Silence now.

Tho' soon he fell to Death a Sacrifice,
It can't be said, *Inglorious there he lies* :
For while he liv'd, ignoble Ease he scorn'd,
And with some Action every Hour adorn'd.

He

Lugubres Cantus.

I I

He counted want of Industry a Crime,
And tho' his Life was short, Thrift length'ned
out his Time.

How have I seen him eager to obey
And please his Parents, while with Wonder
they

Beheld his Zeal, and bless'd their happy Fate
In such a Son, so usefull, and so sweet!

Such his Ambition of obliging was,
He seem'd to die in striving how to please.

Each Minute of his life he reckoned lost,
Which could not some good active Service
boast.

Nor did he mercenary Views regard,
But judg'd Acceptance of his Deeds, Reward.

His Love extended to all Men, beside
The happy Souls to him by Birth ally'd.

Such Dispositions sway'd his noble Mind,
 And Qualities in all his Conduct shin'd,
 That all the Difference was, in our esteem,
 Betwixt *Vespasian's* generous Son and him,
 In this one Point, that *Titus* could do more,
 Not as dispos'd, but cloath'd with greater
 Power.

No Troubles cou'd his neighbour's Sore oppress,
 But he would suffer in their mourn'd Distress:
 Like yielding Wax th' Impression he receiv'd,
 Nor by his Words were Patients e're deceiv'd.
 E'en Foes (if any such cou'd really be)
 He pity'd, and bemoan'd in Misery;
 As when injur'd he used to be brave,
 Disdain'd Revenge, and every Wrong forgave.
 Nothing cou'd ruffle the composed Frame
 Of his great Mind, in every State the same,

His

His Temper, that could steadfast Friends create,
Struck Envy dumb, and softened groundless
Hate.

T w a s Pleasure to his Parents to behold
Such generous Conduct, or to hear it told.
But ah, so great a Blessing cou'd not last!
Angels that visit here dispatch their Work in
haste

O how I'm pain'd to see the hoary Hairs
Of my ag'd Parents so brought down by Cares!
It aggravates, alas, the Stroke to me,
When I such venerable Mourners see
So dumb with Sorrow, while their falling Eyes
Flow down in Streams of liquid Elegies.
O that, for Sake of them, destroying Death
Had spar'd my Brother, and clos'd up my
Breath!

His

14 *Lugubres Cantus.*

His Life wou'd have supported their Distress,
Nor had I seen their present mournful Case:
The Want of me might have been eas'ly born,
But his young Fate they ne'er enough can
mourn.

Death in his Fall express'd the utmost Spite,
Because in him was lodg'd his Parents dear
Delight.

But as the Soul inspires our earthly Frame,
And by an Union manages the same :
So perfect Gold no more excells the Brass,
Than Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass.
Nat'ral Affection has a pow'rful Sway ;
But that is mortal and will soon decay.
The Fire of Love to Womankind with Pain
May fill the Soul, and soon be quench'd
again.

But.

But Friendship binds with strongest Cords the
Heart,
And causes greatest Trouble when we part. A
Ne'er was a dying Martyr more belov'd
By Heav'n, than I by him whom Death re-
mov'd:
Nor does my Body to my Soul adhere
With truer Love, than he to me was dear.
Unfeign'd and pure was our exalted Tye,
And lasting as the Chain of pow'rful Destiny.

THO' those whom Blood and Nature have
ally'd,
In Bonds of Friendship are but rarely ty'd,
The sacred Union us so firmly join'd,
We seem'd as Bodies manag'd by one Mind.
So Silver Streams whose gentle Current meet,
With liquid Musick and Embrace unite,

16. *Lugubres Cantus.*

Roll on serene, and both their Waters lose
In one full Tide, while neither of 'em knows
A Property, tho' both of them before
In diff'rent Channels had peculiar Store.

How can I mind our mutual Love and Care,
And not the inward Pains I feel declare?
Can I remember the dear Pleasure gone,
And not the Want of its kind Author moan?
My Fancy paints the Youth with ev'ry Grace,
But, ah! the Phantom flies from mine Embrace.
Grief and Despair thro' all my Spirits spread,
Since he in whom my Life was bound is dead.
Ah! how how forlorn, how wretched am I

I left!

Why do I live, who am of Life bereft?

Why has my Soul the sweet Engagement
known?

And why has Heav'n dissolv'd my Ties so soon?

THOU

THOU best of Brothers, shall I cease to
mourn

Thine early Fate, and too untimely Urn?

For thee no Sorrows can have an Excess!

All I esteem too little that is less.

In Pride of Youth thy growing Glories fade,

And thou, with them, in Ashes now art laid.

As a fair Plant that soon its Beauty shows,

But sudden falls when Storms the Growth
oppose;

So thou at first shone with uncommon Pride,

Greatly thou bloom'd, but in the Blooming
dy'd.

In Pangs of Death, as in thy Life before,

Tho' press'd with Troubles and Afflictions sore,

Thy noble Soul, the Standard of your Worth,

With brightest Lustre gloriously shone forth.

AMIDST Death's Terrors and severe Alarms
Thy Virtues stood unvanquish'd in their

Charms,

'Till, like a Bird from its Confinement free,
Thou soar'd and sung to bless'd Eternity.

Sooner my Breath shall I resign to Fate
Than thy last Love and Fortitude forget.

The Pains which we, but viewing, cou'd not
bear,

Ne'er shock'd thy Soul, nor forc'd a mournful
Tear.

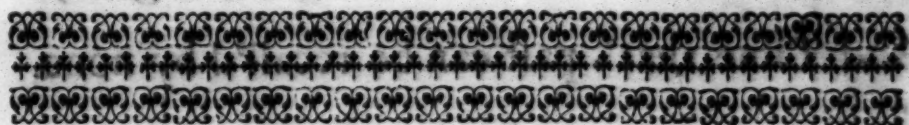
Nought but the Thought of parting with
your Friends

Caus'd Grief t'affect thee, as it doth our Minds.
And e'en those Tyes of Nature and of Love,
With Resignation to Heav'ns Will, you strove
To conquer; while your Soul aspir'd to Bliss,
In which true Friendship's Self consummate is.

OH!

OH! that we could with like heroic Pow'r,
And christian Patience, our great Loss endure.
Methinks (if Saints what's done on Earth can
know)

He sees our Tears, and wonders at our Woe:
From Heav'n he looks, and joyful seems to say,
My Friends, I'm blest'd,--now give your Groans away.



The REFLECTION.

An ODE.

I.

HOW fleet our Minutes and our Joys!
The best Possessions here,
Like *Jonah's* Gourd, at Night arise,
At Morning disappear.

Short-liv'd is all we doat upon below :
Our choicest Hopes are blasted 'ere they grow.

II.

As the swift Arrow cuts its Way
Thro' th' Air, like subtle Wind,
While no Persuasions make it stay,
Or leave a Track behind :
So transient Pleasures of the World are gone,
And Time that's past can be recall'd by none,

III.

YET Sweets of Life that soonest fly,
Are most refin'd and pure,
Too strong for weak Mortality
To grapple and endure,
Angels appear to Mankind heav'nly bright,
But, like their Visit, short is our Delight.

IV. WAS

IV.

WAS e'er a Blessing more belov'd,
More charming and compleat,
Than my late Brother, now remov'd
To his eternal State?
To *Jonathan* a wond'rous Love was shown
By chosen *David*, lesser than mine own.

V.

BESIDE the Tyes which Nature made,
A virtuous Friendship bound
My Soul to his now happy Shade,
With deathless Glories crown'd.
The endearing Union ravish'd all my Heart,
And since it broke, I want my better Part.

VI. As

VI.

As sprightly Plants that spring too fast,
 And bloom before their Time;
 Only to fade away make haste,
 And never reach their Prime:
 So scorning to be term'd a Boy, he try'd
 To rise betimes, but in the Rising dy'd.

VII.

No wonder such a noble Mind,
 All Harmony and Love,
 On Earth no pleasing Joys cou'd find,
 But soar'd to Realms above.
 And yet we murmur when Delights are shown,
 And, 'ere enjoy'd, for our bad Merit, gone.

VIII. THE

VIII.

THE precious Things we value most,
Create the greatest Pain,
When sudden, like a wand'ring Ghost,
They balk our Sense again.
E'en boasted Life expires with mournful Sighs,
And th' Union breaks in painful Agonies.

IX.

WHAT Cordial now can give Relief,
Or what can please my Taste,
When I reflect with mighty Grief,
On all my Pleasures past ?
My Sun is set with him, and all my Light
Serves only now to shew me that 'tis Night.

X. THE

X.

THE Hermit, when his Vision's flown,
To sooth his doleful Care,
His bypast Dream may think upon,
And half the Pleasure share :
But Floods of Sorrow burst on me, the more
I ruminate, and former Joys explore.

XI.

WITH *John*, my Brother, and my Friend,
Ye Powers, take all I have ;
For nothing now can please my Mind,
Nor Comfort do I crave.
On Earth no Compensation can be found ;
When *Eden's* lost, the rest is cursed Ground.

AND

XII.

AND yet, methinks, I should not mourn
At so intense a Rate ;
For tho' his Ashes grace the Urn,
His Soul was ne'er so great.
Pardon, sweet Saint, my Frailty and Distress;
I mourn my Loss, but hail your Happiness.



The DIRGE.

A PASTORAL ECLOGUE,

*Sacred to the Memory of my
deceas'd Brother.*

IN Scotia scarcely had the radiant Sun
Another Year in circling Course begun,

E

E'er

E'er young *Sylvander*, prostrate on the Ground,
 Beneath a Thorn in pensive Mode was found.
 While other Shepherds pass'd the jovial Days
 In gay Carousing and diverting Plays,
 Like *Philomel*, complaining of her Pain,
 He sung his Sorrows in a mournful Strain.
 Great his Distress, and woful was his Theme,
 Which thus alone he sadly did proclaim:

Ah, cruel Death, and cruel Tear to me;

And wretched I, who Hansel-Monday see!

THE Day which I with dear *Menalcas* spent,
 In by-gone Years in Love and Merriment,
 Is now the Day of his untimely Fate,
 The woful Subject of my Soul's Regret.
 Curs'd, ever curs'd, be that unhappy Day;
 Let ne'er the Sun on it his Beams display:
 May Clouds for ever all its Glories hide,
 And fearful Tempests scatter all its Pride.

Let

Let other Days shun its Society,
Hence Mortals hate it all as much as I.
Let general Grief thro' Ratho Plains be spread,
Since he, their Joy and Ornament, is dead.

Ah, cruel Death, and cruel Tear to me;

And wretched I, who Hansel-Monday see!

As I this Morning cast mine Eyes abroad,
I soon observ'd it did portend no good;
Some dismal Omens of my present Woe
Appear'd, which henceforth I'll account most
true.

The Wind was Eastern, cloudy was the Sky,
And cloath'd with Snow I saw the Pastures ly,
The Streams stood still in icy Fetters bound,
The Plough was fixed in the frosty Ground,
The aged Trees beneath their Burden groan'd,
The Flocks were trembling, and the Birds
bemoan'd;

Behind our Village, on a craggy Rock,
Methought I heard the ugly Raven croak ;
The Nightingale that used to repair
To this same Thorn, and charm the neighbouring Air

With pleasing Notes, now, like a widow'd Dove,

I saw lamenting thro' the naked Grove.
While dear *Menalcas* was alive, the Tree
Was never, never from her Musick free :
But now since he, the best Musician's gone,
Cooing she wanders thro' the Scenes alone ;
And, like my self, she mourns where'er she goes :

The very Hedges seem to share her Woes.

*Ah, cruel Death, and cruel Tear to me ;
And wretched I, who Hansel-Monday see !*

W H I L E

WHILE he, sweet Youth, indulg'd us with
his Stay,
The Flocks were sprightly, and the Birds
were gay,
The Fields delightful, and compos'd the Sky,
The Groves were glad, our Bow'rs with
Melody
Of Pipe and Voice resounded, every Face,
Just like his own, serene and chearful was.
Musick and pow'rful Eloquence display'd
Their Charms in him, who all our Passions
sway'd;
Dispell'd our Cares, and yielded true Delight:
But since he's gone, our Joys have taken flight.
Our Huts are silent, as the gloomy Graves;
And Melancholy fills the rural Caves.
No Shepherds whistling on the Plains we hear.
No Plays and Dances on the Green appear.
With

With him his dear Companions now have lost
 All the Delights their rural Life could boast.
 His woful Friends and Parents, plung'd in Grief,
 Are wretched now, and void of all Relief.

Ah, cruel Death, and cruel Tear to me ;

And wretched I, who Hansel-Monday see !

MUCH was he lov'd, as he deserved well :
 In him did all the social Virtues dwell.
 Sweet was his Temper, winning as his Song,
 And moving was the Language of his Tongue.
 His Art to all did perfect Nature seem ;
 Trifles themselves were elegant in him.
 He was all Love and Mercy, Truth and Peace ;
 His Soul was fill'd, and Conduct shin'd with
 Grace.

No Deed of his procur'd his Neighbour's Hate,
 Nor had he any Enemy but Fate.

All

All that was good in him at once combin'd,
And like a sudden Flash of Lightning shin'd;
But from us early was he snatch'd away,
E'er we had Time his Beauties to survey:
Yet so much of his Qualities we knew,
That we, alas, lament his Absence now.
Deep is our Grief, and cutting is our Wound,
And all our Eyes in floods of Tears are drown'd.

Ah, cruel Death, and cruel Tear to me;

And wretched I, who Hansel-Monday see!

But ha! what means yon pure ethereal light?

Mine Eyes are dazled, and I lose my Sight.

I hear, methinks, sweet Hymns divinely loud,

The Sound comes downward from yon glorious Cloud.

'Tis our *Menalcas* with distinguish'd Rays,

'Tis he that offers Songs of heav'nly Praise:

The Sky still brightens as he goes along,
And Angels join in his celestial Song.
Behold ! I see *Menalcas* crown'd,---No more,
Mistaken Mortals, his good Fate deplore.
As into Air the purer Spirits flow,
And are disjoin'd from grosser Dregs below ;
So flew his Soul to its congenial Clime,
And soon prevented all the Toils of Time.
Now shall his Grave with rising Flow'rs be drest,
And the green Turf lie gently on his Breast.
No more shall Nature sicken and decay ;
The Night shall now give place to cheerful Day.
Be glad ye Shepherds, fruitful every Field,
Glide on ye Streams, ye Birds your Music yield,
And Angels, with your silver Wings surround
Menalcas' Urn, and guard the sacred Ground.

Oh, welcome Death, and welcome Tear to me ;

And happy I, who Hansel-Monday see !



A N . O D E .

TO the REVEREND

Mr. ISAAC WATTS, V.D.M.

I.

THE Muse, dear *Watts*, that copies thine
With fond Ambition, but unequal Skill,

And would have all his Works divine,

If Pow'r were suited to my Will;

Rob'd of the dearest Bliss below,

Is plung'd in Melancholy now,

And ty'd to mournful Strains,

With heavy Heart, and moulted Wings,

In lowly, artless Numbers sings,

The Cause of all his Pains.

F

A

34 *Lugubres Cantus.*

A Brother just, and generous, and young;
 A Friend like *Gunston*, whom of Old you sung
 In Lines immortal, as the Love renown'd,
 That both your Souls in sacred Union bound;
 With painful Sighs has spent his Stock of Breath,
 And fal'n a blooming Sacrifice to Death.

II.

COULD I with half your Fire declare,
 What Charms in virtuous Friendship are;
 Describe its Transports which we feel,
 And paint the Pangs of Separation well:
 In ev'ry Verse, in ev'ry Line,
 By Art and Nature form'd t'endure,
 The Passions should illustrious shine
 With all commanding Pow'r.
 To ev'ry Reader I'd impart
 A lively Transcript of my Heart:

And

And all should freely own,
That as our Love was paralell'd by none,
And now my Grief excessive is,
And boundless as a vast Abyſs:
So ne'er a Bard with brighter Imag'ry,
And better Skill, describ'd his Sense than I.
But, ah! my tender Muse in vain
Aspires at ſuch a Height,
Conſummate Poets free from Pain
Can do a Subject right.
You only, *Watts*, and ſuch as you, can make
A Reader pleas'd, and all your Sentiments
partake.

III.

THE Top of my indulg'd Ambition now,
'Till ſtronger for advent'rous Flight I grow,
Is to relate in humble Strain
My ancient Love, and preſent Pain;

But Grief hath laid my Mind so low,
That all Essays to represent
The Purpose of my Muse are vain,
In such a dull Complaint.
Since he, my Brother, from my Sight
By Death was rudely torn,
My weary Soul knew no Delight,
Unless 'tis good to mourn.
Reflection on my Pleasures gone
Creates a greater Grief ;
And when I think how I am left alone,
My Mind admits of no Relief.
The best Refreshment now I find,
Is when clad o'er in Sorrow's Livery,
Or pain'd with mutual Sympathy,
I see some wretched Friend.
Grief in Communion moderates Distress,
And makes the Soul content appear ;

As harsher Sounds in Confort mixt do less
Offend the tuneful Ear.

IV.

BUT, ah! my Friend, 'tis small Respite
That Tears and Sympathy can give;
Nor can my Books yield true Delight,
Or philosophic Cordials make me live;
No more can Company divert
The Troubles of my mournful Heart.
All these I've try'd, but still I find
My Sorrow's like a growing Tide:
In vain I wou'd my Torture hide,
While his dear Idea haunts my tender Mind.
Why are the greatest Blessings giv'n in vain,
Which must be left with greater Pain?
Tell me, ye Pow'rs, why one was sent
To Earth so glorious, and so short while lent?

Or

Or thought ye it too much for human State,
 To have a Blessing lasting as 'twas great?
 Yes; he for Earth was too refin'd a Saint,
 And therefore Heav'n betimes did him tran-
 splant:

E'er his brave Soul was stain'd with Rage,
 Lust, Envy and Hypocrisy,
 The darling Crimes of this degenerate Age,
 It was remov'd to Joys divine,
 Amongst the bless'd Society;
 Who in consummate Glory shine,
 And to th' Eternal King
 Celestial Hymns and grateful Praises sing.

V.

REASON assist me while I strive
 My Brother to survive;
 And no more suffer Tears to flow,
 But blessed be, because he's so.

Why

Why shou'd I thus intensely mourn
For him who can't return?
Why send Complaints where no Redress is
found?
Or quarrel with th' Almighty's Will,
Who has the sov'reign Pow'r and Skill
To heal as well as wound?
As thou, Great Ruler, know'st what's fit,
Make me, like patient *Watts*, submit:
No longer at thy Dispensations pine,
But pleased say, *Thy sov'reign Will is mine.*



An E P I S T L E
To Mr. JOHN CALLENDER.

TO thee, dear Youth, Co-partner of
my Pain,

How shall I write, and in what doleful Strain?
Too

Too well the Cause of my afflicting Woe,
Too well the Pangs of Friendship lost, you
know :

As if our Souls in one were closely join'd,
We mourn at once a Brother and a Friend.
Your Grief is great, proportion'd to our Loss;
(A Friend departed is a mighty Cross.)
But when the Ties of Birth and Friendship
break,

How vast the Sorrow which our Souls partake !
This double Woe affects my wretched Heart,
And only I can tell, how much I smart.

The Debt I to a Brother owe is great ;

But can I mourn at too intense a Rate

For a dear Friend's severe untimely Fate ?

My Soul lies hid in Shades of gloomy Grief,
And sickens more at Thoughts of kind Re-
lief :

With

With half-shut Eyes, just so, the Bird of Night
Peeps from its Nest, and hates the chearful
Light.

To thee I would unbosom my Distress;
The Smoke when vented usually grows less.
Like sudden Fire true Sorrow, when conceal'd,
Consumes us up, and quenches when reveal'd.
Oh that I could but weep away my Pain,
And melt my Load in Show'rs of briny Rain!
The inward Heat of Sorrow burns me so,
That Tears are dry'd, and therefore cannot flow.
My Suff'rings are unmeasurably great,
And Sobs and Murmurs only tell my State.
Affliction grows a Native of my Breast;
It can't dislodge, when 'tis so well possess'd.
There it must dwell until the Prop of all
Forsake the Building, which of Course must
fall.

YE that ne'er had a Friend, like mine, forbear
To blame my Sorrows and consuming Care.
Ye, like the Stoicks, can be dully brave,
And talk according to the Sense ye have;
But know, mistaken Mortals, that divine
Is the true Spring of this Distress of mine.
Reason, that noble Pow'r, is spent in vain,
To cure my Suff'ring, or assuage my Pain.
'Till I again enjoy my better Part,
Nothing can ease my poor divided Heart.

FRIENDSHIP, thou gen'rous Charmer of
the Mind;
Thou heav'nly Flame, and Love from Lust
refin'd:
Nobler than Kindred, or than Marriage-Band,
By which the happy Angels seem to stand:

By

By thee our Souls in Sympathy were ty'd,
And ev'n in Nature closely were ally'd.
Like Poets, born to what we were, we grew;
But, ah! by Death we are disjointed now.
Tho' sooner shall the Lamb and Wolf agree,
Than you forgotten and extinguish'd be.
My Flame immortal, as my Soul, shall prove,
Nor new Acquaintance shall abate my Love.
What's once upon a virtuous Basis sure,
For ever will, in spite of Fate, endure.
All ye that know our mutual Love may guess,
How great 's my present Torture and Distress.
Our Joys were one, as mutual was our Care,
Bound by one Faith we both with Pleasure
were.

One Reason govern'd both our yielding Wills;
Like Goods we lov'd, and hated the like Ills.
Friendship in this degen'rate Age is made
A Bait for Sin, or else at best a Trade.

But Honesty was the essential Ground
On which we built, by which our Souls were
bound.

More pure, perhaps, but scarce more great,
will prove,
The Friendship which shall joyn our Souls
Above.

CAN I forget thee, my departed Friend?
Shall virtuous Love e'er know a wretched End?
No: Thy dear Image, tho' with mighty Pain,
Shall fill my Mind while I on Earth remain.
All Days to me roll undistinguish'd now,
And but prolong one hated Line of Woe:
But thou art happy in the silent Urn,
While we our Loss, and thy Departure mourn.
No Hopes or Fears invade thy naked Breast:
This thou hast gain'd by Death, to be at Rest.

The

The Grave's the Bed where weary Nature lies,
Throws off her Load of Care and Miseries;
From outward Sorrows gets a wish'd Release,
And sinks in Slumbers of eternal Peace.

What once we priz'd is now a Nothing made,
Poor useless Dust, with Worms in Silence laid:
Blended it lies with more ignoble Clay,
And hid from us, as from the shining Day.

Untimely Death! thou seiz'd the Young and
Brave;

What bloom'd of late, now withers in the
Grave;

Never, Oh! never more to see the Sun;
Still dark in a damp Vault, and still alone.

YET why make we a Mystery of Death?
It is no more than to resign the Breath:
A calm, eternal Sleep in silent Night,
Exempt from Dreams, as from the shining Light.
'Tis

'Tis but a poor imaginary Line,
Which earthly Being does at last confine ;
Or like a Gale, that wafts us gently o'er
To other Scenes, on an immortal Shore :
The Ties of Nature only it unbinds,
And has no Horrors but for guilty Minds.
When on the Margin of the Grave they stand,
And view deserved Punishments at hand ;
While Conscience inly chides them for their
 Faults,
And brings past Actions to their mournful
 Thoughts ;
Then Death looks dreadful, and to change
 their Fate
They would repent, but find it would be late.
Distracting Doubts and Terrors fill their Breast ;
In vain they labour languishing for Rest :
Each Step of Death affords new Agonies,
And opens Scenes of Vengeance to their Eyes.
But

But upright Souls with Pleasure yield their
Breath,

And gladly welcome the Approach of Death :
No painful Sting or dismal Gloom he wears,
But all serene and lovely he appears.

Dark Clouds sometimes may interpose a while,
And all their Thoughts with Fear and Sor-
row fill :

But sudden Gleams of Glory pierce the Night,
And cheer the Mind with Views of endless
Light :

OH grant, ye Pow'rs, that I may bravely meet,
Like my dead Brother, my approaching Fate !
For ne'er a Soul with greater Patience bore
Such piercing Pains and Agonies before ;
None more unmov'd at sight of Death appear'd ;
He saw no present Sting, nor future Torment
fear'd.

Arm'd

Arm'd with his Innocence resolv'd he lay,
Bade Friends, Farewel, and sweetly soar'd
away,

Amidst a heav'nly Guard to Realms of purest Day.

With him, my Heart, dear *Callender*, is fled,

And to this World, and all its Joys, is dead.

Of Life, once priz'd, at length I'm weary grown,

Since all my Pleasures here below are flown :

Oh haste dull Time, and put a welcome End

To my wretch'd Days, as to my happy Friend.

There's nothing here worth living to be found ;

What I behold is but enchanted Ground.

The sweetest Honey's mixt with nauseous Gall,

And 'tis a Cheat which Mortals happy call.

No more the charming Tree of Life I'll boast,

Since Paradise, in which it grew, is lost.

OF earthly Joys how soon are we depriv'd?
Our choicest Pleasure is at best short-liv'd.
The greatest Blessing, when remov'd again,
Creates a double, Soul-tormenting Pain.
At best, Fruition is a flatt'ring Cheat;
It raises Hope, and can as soon defeat.
Just when we come t'enjoy the pleasing Prey,
Like a shy Ghost, it vanishes away.
Heav'n seems to mock our fond Simplicity
By shewing Pearls, and when we curious try
To snatch them up, they baulk our curious
Eye.
Yet I could ne'er the Mystery conceive;
Nor ceas'd th' Impostor's Cunning to believe.
But now no more I'll trust delusive Bliss,
Nor value Pleasure, since I'm rob'd of this.

THO' Death hath stabb'd me in my tender
Part,

By seizing *John*, the Darling of my Heart,
This Lesson he hath taught me by the Way,
Ne'er to make Heav'n of Pleasures that decay.
I'll never trust the Juggler's Art again,
But mind that Flesh is Grass, and all below is
vain.

Then, O my Soul, with an uncommon Flight
Wing thou thy Way to Scenes of new Delight.
Thy better Half already is remov'd
To that bless'd Region by the Saints belov'd.
Does not his Death found loudly in mine Ear,
That Happiness below is not sincere?
No Joys on Earth can court a longer Stay,
And Int'rest calls me to a purer Day.
Adieu to vain delusive Bliss below;
Adieu to Care, and vexing Sorrows now;
Adieu

Adieu to every thing that can divert
My Soul resolv'd to seek its better Part.
MUSE, lead the Way——For sure you cannot
miss,

To find my Brother wherefoe'er he is.
Range the wide World of Spirits o'er and o'er,
The Way he went, and what's his Work, ex-
plore.

Nought can escape thy curious watchful Eye,
Nor can so fair a Spirit undistinguish'd lye.

'T IS he——Full well I know the Kindred-
Mind,

The purer Part of my departed Friend:
Array'd in Robes of heav'nly Light and State,
How near he stands to the Almighty's Seat!
Eternal Transports of consummate Joy,
Of Love, and Wonder are his dear Employ.

Around him Choirs of Saints and Angels sing,
He crowns the Confort with his golden
String,
And glads all Heav'n with Praises to its King.

SWEET Contemplation! Let me always
dwell
On such a Theme, and Heav'ns rich Glories
tell.

When shall I view these intellectual Scenes,
Loos'd from the Flesh that me on Earth de-
tains?

How long shall Saints around us take their
Flight,

Unbody'd to eternal Realms of Light ?

Dear *Calender* ! You long, as well as I,
To look below you on this Earth and Sky.

Your Spirit chides low Nature's lazy Wheels,
And longs to mount the everlasting Hills ; To

To climb with Pleasure the celestial Road
That leads to *John*, your Saviour, and your God.
'Tis but awhile we must of Sorrows taste,
To make us value more a heav'nly Feast.
'Ere long we shall transcend the vaulted Sky,
And, like free'd Larks, sing Joyful as we fly.



Thoughts on Humane Life.

AN ODE,

To my SISTER.

I.

BELIEVE it, *Delia*, Life's a Scene,
In various Colours pictur'd o'er ;
A thousand Prospects entertain
Our Eyes each Day unknown to us before.

II. WHEN

II.

WHEN in our young and tender Years
We look abroad, in fair Disguise
A World of Pleasure soon appears,
To court our Minds, and captivate our Eyes.

III.

WHILE yet the Thoughts are free of Cares,
What gay Allurements have we known?
How flatt'ring are the fatal Snares,
Which solid Reason charges us to shun?

IV.

No Grief, no Tears disturb the Mind,
No Jealousies our Joys allay,
But Charms and Hopes of every kind
Our Fancies cheat, and all our Conduct sway.

V.

A Thousand Beauties in the Spring
Afford a Pleasure to the Sight ;
Then all the Fields are promising :
They sooth our Hopes, and fill us with Delight.

VI.

Thus heedless up the Hill of Time
By small Degrees we soon ascend,
From thence we see our Sun decline,
And all our Joys dispatching to an End.

VII.

Our mighty Bliss grows fugitive,
Our Hopes and fond Delights are flown,
When Youth, the Time we seem to live,
Beyond Redemption is remov'd, and gone.

VIII. Now

VIII.

No w Care, and Toil, and Sicknefs come,
The conftant Train of growing Years,
And Death's inexorable Doom,
'Ere we're aware, within our View appears.

IX.

THE Dregs, which to the Bottom fink,
Of all the Wine our Youth devour'd,
Remain for latter Years to drink,
When Joy is fled, and Life with Sorrow four'd.

X.

THE foft Ideas fly away,
That wander'd in our youthful Minds,
Our Wit and Beauty now decay,
As Leaves from Trees before the Western
Winds.

XI. THE

XI.

THE glaring Colours that allur'd
And pleas'd at first the ravish'd Eye,
Are alter'd quite, are all obscur'd
With different Draughts of a more dismal Dye.

XII.

THE Thorns that former Years have sown,
Unheeded by us in our Youth,
To Crops of late Repentance grown,
Afford us Toil, and smartly charge our Sloth.

XIII.

THEN tir'd with Cares, with Labour spent,
With thousand Miseries oppress'd,
We seek for Time, but to lament
That youthful Fancies rob'd our Minds of
Rest.

I

XIV. I M-

XIV.

IMPROVE then, *Delia*, present Time,
 And put no Trust in fading Toys;
 E'er long your Life will reach the Prime,
 And then Farewel to sublunary Joys.

XV.

WHO knows but all your blooming Charms
 May blasted be before they bear?
 Youth's not secure from Death's Alarms,
 Nor are the best Enjoyments lasting here.

XVI.

OUR Brother in the Pride of Life
 Resign'd to Fate his precious Breath:
 Awhile he held a generous Strife;
 But who is Proof against the Darts of Death?



Thoughts on Death and Judgment.

An ODE.

I.

WHAT Pow'r, O Death, and Influence
Is this thou hast upon my Soul?

My Reason offers small Defence,

And is not able to controul

The mighty Fears which in my Mind arise,

When Fancy shapes thee in her gazing Eyes.

For tho' at Distance thy tremendous Shade

Is pictur'd in my Brain,

A thousand Fears invade

And fill my Mind with Pain.

Where'er I go the gloomy Grave,
The Terror of the Great and Brave,
Is still the Subject of my pensive Thought:
Before my Fancy evermore I view
The dire and melancholy Draught
Which, as I fly, doth at my Heels pursue;
And e'er I am aware,
The Phantom frustrates all my Care,
And into sad Subjection I am always brought.

II.

'Tis not, O Death, thine Agonies
And piercing Darts I chiefly fear:
The Grave, should it appear
With its Inhabitants the Worms,
Should not my Soul surprize
With all its dreadful Forms.
Were these the worst, I'd spurn this mortal Clay,
And meet the King of Terrors half the Way.
But

But, ah! methinks beyond the Goal,
Lies something shocking to my Soul!
Eternity appears in view,
And lo an angry Brow!
High on a Throne of awful State,
A Judge appears to portion human Fate.
Him human Forces cannot brave;
No Bribes, no Promises can blind;
No Threats can fright, no Wiles deceive,
And make him change his Mind.
Would He from His tremendous Throne
With Smiles approve what I have done,
I should be happy; and in Scorn despise I
Whate'er is termed Great and Good below the
Skies.

III.

A doubtful Stake I have to throw,
And all my Happiness or Woe,

My

My good or bad eternal State
Depends upon the awful Fate.
O thou Almighty Judge regard
The Cries of an impatient Bard !
Since Gifts and Off'rings cannot save from
Death,
Nor Rams and Flocks appease thy Wrath,
Nor Streams of fragrant Oil controll
The Fury of a God ;
Nor the more precious Firstborn's Blood
Compound for Debt, and make Atonement
for the Soul ;
I willingly, O God, resign to Thee
(Accept the humble Gift from me)
My Youth, and all its blooming Heat,
Whate'er I am, or have, or can acquire :
My Muse and Thoughts I dedicate
(Tis fit the Issues of the sacred Fire,

To

To thee, its Spring, I sacrifice)

And all my Vanities,

And loved Lusts, to please thee shall expire.



AN EPISTLE

To the REVEREND

Mr. JOHN GUTHREY, V. D. M.

WHILE you, dear Sir, with undisturb-
ed Mind,

Endure Afflictions, I, your weaker Friend,

Rob'd of a Brother, and with him of Joy,

In silent Sighs my fleeting Hours employ ;

Life grows a Burden, and not worth my Care,

My Woes so many and oppressing are.

The

The Loss of such a Brother, and a Friend,
(For we in both Relations once were join'd)
In spite of Virtue and Philosophy,
Plunges my Mind in an Abyss of Misery.
Awhile he shone, awhile our Sight he cheer'd,
But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappear'd.
How soon he flourish'd, and how ripe he grew
In Qualities divinely bright, you knew :
He could not long delight us with his Stay ;
His Soul disdain'd to be confin'd to Clay.
So low-hung Clouds, by raining over-fast,
Break all at once, nor can they always last.
And often as the Heav'ns refresh our Sight,
While they appear serenely clear and bright,
Thick horrid Clouds with sudden Gloom arise,
And Shades of Hell, to hide them from our
Eyes.

OH what is Life! a Shadow, or a Dream,
A very nothing, or at most a Name!
A poor imaginary Scene, that lies
Betwixt two endless dark Eternities,
A hasty Step forth from our Mother's Womb
To the damp Grave, or ghostly silent Tomb.
The wretched World, where scarce we shew
our Face,
And breath awhile, we term our dwelling-place:
But generous Minds, like him whose Fate I
mourn,
See all Things vain on Earth, and ev'ry Plea-
sure spurn.

WE but, like Players, on the Stage appear,
Strut for awhile, and bluster loudly here,
With Sound and Fury make our senseless Tale,
And scarce approv'd behind the Curtain steal.
K They're

66 *Lugubres Cantus.*

They're blest, who make not Earth their dear

Abode ;

But act awhile, and gain the Plaudit of their God.

Short Bounds of Life are set to mortal Man:

'Tis Virtue's Work to stretch the narrow Span.

Improperly we measure Life by Breath,

They do not truly live, who merit Death.

LONG have I been with prosp'rous Life

deceiv'd ;

Till now, I ne'er its Vanity believ'd.

I trusted much the varnished Deceit ;

But am convinc'd at last, that ev'ry Charm's

a Cheat :

That Goods of Life are like the chymic Gold,

Which fool us young, and begger us when old.

All our To-morrows are as Yesterday,

That pleas'd our Eyes with Shew, and sudden
pass'd away.

Now

Now I begin to feel afflicting Pain,
And, of the best Enjoyment here, complain:
We never know so well our wretched Case,
As when we view ourselves in Sorrow's Glass.
My Grief, perhaps, by others will be blam'd,
And all my mournful Numbers much defam'd.
So I, untroubled, us'd to charge before
My Neighbours, who with Patience hardly bore
The mighty Sorrows of their wretched Mind,
While they esteem'd me Ign'rant and Unkind.
All Men give counsel to their Friends distress'd,
While they themselves are easy and at rest;
Yet when they feel the like Distress, they cry,
No Pain's so great ; we'll swoon, despair and dye.
Their Counsel turns to Passion and Complaint,
And no soft Language can their Trouble paint.
They blame all others who in Groans and Sighs
Do not with them condole and sympathize.

68 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Thus all Men preach up Patience to the griev'd;
But, when afflicted, scarce will be reliev'd.
Moral they were of late; but now their Pow'r
Is not sufficient their own Pain t' endure.

BID me not, Mortals, bravely Suff'rings bear,
And for my Brother's Death unmov'd, like
you, appear:

But, if ye can, a noble Pattern shew,
And I shall then obsequious be to you.

Yet 'ere ye find occasion to declare
Your boasted Virtue, first you must compare
With me in Sorrow for so true a Friend,
Curious to search out Beauties to commend,
In censuring slow; to whom you may impart
With safety all the Secrets of your Heart;
Make common e'en your most retired thoughts,
Nor fear he will reveal, tho' gently chide your
Faults.

Sooner

Sooner to Fleets the Winds shall useless prove,
Before you find a more exalted Love.

The Flow'rs shall yield no Honey to the Bee,
'Ere Mankind any Parallel shall see.

You, who the Reason of my Sorrows know,
Commiserate my sad Condition now.

Compassion seems a gen'rous Property
Of Humankind to those in Misery.

The Tears which Nature gave to Man declare
She meant we shou'd our Brethren's Trou-
bles share.

The Sentiments which inly we conceive
Are known by Weeping, Man's Prerogative.

By pitying Looks and melting Eyes we show
Our Sympathy with others painful Woe.

This nat'ral Piety at first refin'd,
And Heav'nwards rais'd the Heart of Human-
kind.

It proves our Spirit of divine Descent,
While that of Brutes to Earth is downwards
bent.

BUT why, alas! shou'd mortal Man complain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence, in vain?
God knows our Case, and suits his Conduct well;
We may mistake, but He has perfect Skill.
Reason's too short, to measure infinite:
Th' Abyss of Justice can't be known by it.
A Chain there is which guides Affairs below,
But purblind we its nearest Link scarce know:
Far less our Eyes explore the Original,
The mighty Beam above that poises all.
To virtuous Knowledge we were early bred,
And in our Souls wise Nature Wisdom laid;
That we, like Heroes, with a brave Controll,
Our fiery Passions and their Rage might rule:

To bear our Cross, and hold a glorious Strife
With adverse Fate, and ev'ry Change of Life :
To wait Heav'ns Time, and look for better
Days,
When Sighs shall end in grateful Shouts of
Praise.

'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our present
State ;

And to our Lives proportion'd is our Fate.
Our Faults or Virtues have an Influence,
And seem to govern ruling Providence.
True Valour soars above the Things that seem
Distress and Pain, in mortal Man's Esteem.
Afflictions are not real Ills, else Heav'n
Had ne'er such Gifts to chosen Fav'rites giv'n ;
They're only sent to try our Patience well,
And teach our Minds in gen'rous Arts to ex-
cell :

To

To show the Charms that with a foolish Pride,
We otherwise in easy Life would hide.

A noble Spirit ne'er more brisk appears,
Exerts its Pow'rs, and spurns its Clog of Cares,
Than when a Weight of Trouble bears it down,
And Fortune seems to take delight to frown.

Then I'll not fondly aggravate my Pain,
Nor of the Conduct of the Fates complain.
Patience, my Friend, will mitigate Distress,
Dispel our Cares, and make Affliction less.

We'll trust the Almighty Ruler of this Ball
With our Concerns, who best disposes all.

Tho' cloudy Hours invade our Time, what then?

We have had clear ones, and may have again.

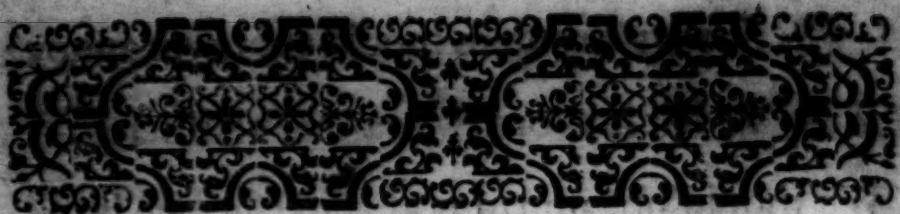
So silver Rills, by rushing Rains defil'd,

May roul awhile unwholesome thro' the Field;

But when the Clouds are scatter'd, and the Air

Turns more serene, they bright again appear.

Tis fit that Troubles should our Lives annoy :
Who 've felt no Sorrows cannot relish Joy.
We should not murmur at the Pains we bear,
Since Trouble best becomes our Nature here.
We to Distress, as to our Center tend,
As Flames of Fire we see to Heav'n ascend.
Beside, some Grief shows mighty Love, but yet
Too much declares as great a Want of Wit.
'Tis an Ambition of an adverse Fate,
T' indulge a mournful melancholy State :
In Grief That often does appear with Charms,
And almost cozens us into its Arms ;
But it unmans the Soul in which it dwells ;
And therefore he evites it who excells :
It makes a Feather have prodigious Weight,
And swells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's Height :
It turns each Spark into a blazing Flame,
And every Blast, a Tempest hard to tame.



To a CANDLE.

*In Imitation of the Numbers of
Mr. POPE in his Ode on Silence.*

I.

THOU Candle, faint Resemblance of
the Sun,

Whose Blaze, like Life, is sudden spent,
and gone,

Need I address to thee, and make my Sorrows
known ?

II.

Already thou hast seen my flowing Tears,
And been a Witness of my anxious Cares,
Nor art thou Stranger to my Sighs and loanly
Pray'rs.

III. Too

III.

Too well thou know'st how melancholy I
Have pass'd the Hours in your Society,
When Nature and her Seed in easy Slum-
bers lye.

IV.

Oft you alone have heard my Muse complain,
And tell the Spring and Measure of my Pain,
While these fast failing Eyes demanded Sleep
in vain.

V.

If e'er a short Respite is granted me.
'Tis when I do compare my self with thee,
And in thy dying Light read friendly Sym-
pathy.

VI.

Thy Flame's an Emblem of the burning Grief,
That by degrees consumes my wretched Life;
Thou wastes away with me, while all beside
are deaf.

VII.

My Fellow Mortals ign'rant of my Woes,
On downy Beds enjoy their wish'd Repose,
While thou in Sympathy to ancient nothing
goes.

VIII.

As my Distresses Signs of Life display,
As well as Symptoms of a fast Decay,
Thy Flames do just the like — In living
die away.

IX. Nor

IX.

Nor is the wondrous Parallel less bright,
Betwixt my Case, and your expiring Light,
In this; That both of us prefer the silent Night.

X.

When Day's Great Ruler mounts the Hemisphere,
No more the Rays of your poor Flames appear,
But lose themselves in Beams more useful as
more clear.

XI.

My Sorrows thus in Solitude take place,
In public I put on a cheerful Face,
Nor dare in sight of Men avouch my mourn-
ful Case.

XII. I see

XII.

I see, my Taper, thou makes haste to die,
 And minds me well, that so 'ere long must I.
 O may my Life and Death have like Affinity !



PSALM xlii. Verse 5.

*Why art thou cast down, O my
 Soul, and why art thou disqui-
 eted within me ? &c.*

I.

SAY, O my Soul, why thus opprest with
 Woe?

Why so dismay'd and mightily cast down?
 Tell me the Cause thou agonizes so?

What Floods of Grief thy chearful Temper
 drown?

II. Thou

II.

Thou seem'st afraid as Dangers were at hand,
Or mourn as if you felt a present Pain.
Thy Pow'rs and Passions lie at the Command
Of Melancholy and her ghostly Train.

III.

I'm pain'd to find thee in so wretch'd a Case,
So hoarse with Groans, and delug'd o'er with
Tears ;
Darkness o'erspreads thy former shining Face,
And all thy Courage sinks in muddy Cares.

IV.

But wilt thou always feed the raging Flame,
Indulge the Sorrows that so fatal prove?
Resolv'd art thou to glory in thy Shame,
And, fond of Woe, in gloomy Lab'rins rove?
V. Is

V.

Is dire Despair so pleasing to the Mind?
 Dost thou rejoice in fullen Shades of Night?
 Or is it just thou should'st afflict thy Friend?
 And is thy Flesh no more thy Favourite?

VI.

Fly to thy God, who can redress thy Pain,
 Take off thy Burden, and dispel thy Fears.
 Why dully passive do'st thou thus complain,
 Since he can help, who mercifully hears?

VII.

He has engag'd his everlasting Truth
 In favour of dejected Souls, that fly
 To him in trouble.--- Can'st thou trust his Oath?
 Is he no Friend to Men in Misery?

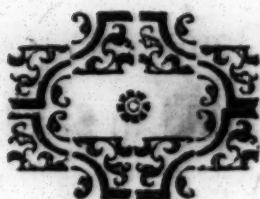
VIII. Hope

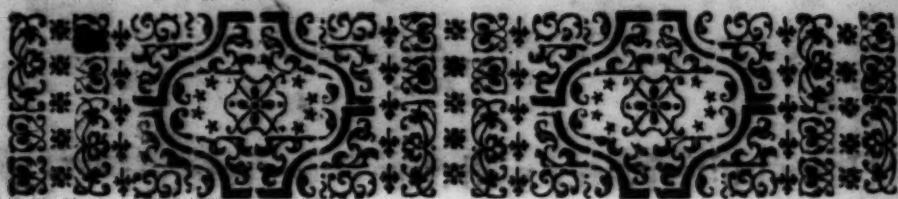
VIII.

Hope in his Name will cure thy wretched Woe,
Compose thy Grief, and silence thine Alarms:
His Strength's almighty, and engaged too
For those that shelter in his friendly Arms.

IX.

When fix'd thou art on this immortal Rock,
From Persecution and Distress secure,
Thou may'st exult, nor fear Affliction's Shock,
Or roaring Lion's Efforts to devour.





PSALM xciv. Verse 19.

*In the Multitude of my Thoughts
within me, thy Comforts, O
God, delight my Soul.*

I.

W^{HEN} Hell and Earth in one combin'd,
With Pow'r and Terrors vex my Soul,
When Fears and Sorrows load my Mind,
And anxious Cares my Peace controll :

II.

When puzzling Doubts invade my Breast,
And I am cloath'd in Shades of Night.
When Guile and Snares my Spirits waste,
Engross my Thoughts, and vent their Spite:

III. When

III.

When outward Fightings, inward Pain,
Dangers arise on ev'ry Side,
My Friends turn Foes, and I complain,
That none exists I can confide :

IV.

When Melancholy fills my Heart,
The best good Men from Earth decay,
Death stabs me in my tender Part,
And all my Pleasures pass away ;

V.

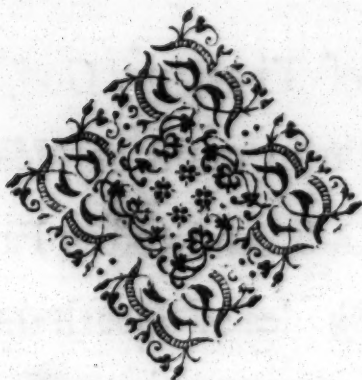
The Thoughts of Thee, my God, create
A little Heav'n in midst of Hell ;
They sweeten Gall, and soften Fate,
And all the Shades of Death dispell.

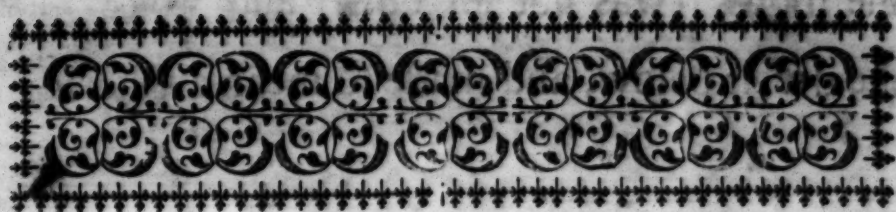
VI.

Thy Comforts shine thro' fullen Clouds,
They sooth my Suff'rings cure my Woe,
Bear up my Head above the Floods,
And gild the Paths in which I go.

VII.

Tempests and Storms at Thoughts of Thee,
Are hush'd in haste ; the Billows cease,
My Hope revives, and nought I see
But Scenes of Joy and Days of Peace.





The L A R K.

A SOLILOQUY.

I.

OBSERVE, my Muse, yon charming
Creature,
The tuneful *Lark*, inspir'd by Nature ;
How in the lowly silent Fields
Her little Nest,
So finely drest,
And not in lofty Boughs she builds.
Yet when the Morn appears serene
She leaves her humble Seat,
Soars up the Regions of the Air unseen,
And charms Mankind with Musick soft and
sweet. She

She shows 'twas not for Pow'r and Voice
She dwelt below, and made so mean a Choice.

II.

THE heav'nly Bird, thy fellow Bard,
As thy Example, Muse, regard;
Content thy self upon the humble Ground,
And never grudge their Happiness
That lodge in Towns and Palaces,
Which gaily glare around.
In humble Huts and rural Bow'rs,
Amongst the honest Swains,
Consume thy pleasurable Hours,
Devoid of Care and Pains.
Let never proud Ambition cheat thy Mind,
Nor court the Things which Nature ne'er
design'd :

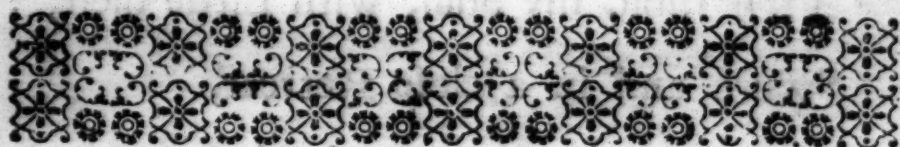
But

But tho' thou thus contented lye,
Well pleased with thy State,
On just Occasions sometimes fly,
And show you can be Great.

III.

AND thou, my Soul, with Little blest,
Secure and in a close Retreat,
By Wit and Virtue render'd sweet,
Enjoy a pleasing Rest.
In Solitude retir'd from Noise,
As on a Bay, behold below,
And pity those who grasp at Joys,
Or please themselves with shining Toys
That soon to Ruin go.
Employ thy self on a sublimer Theme,
And, in thy lov'd Obscurity,
Ne'er grasp at Honour, Glory, and a Fame;
Nor court the World to keep alive your Name.
But

But fit thy self to fly ;
 And, like the *Lark*, from thine obscure Abode,
 When *Death* shall ease you of your mortal Load,
 Transcend the chrystal Sky,
 And there enjoy at once thy Brother and thy
 God.



The WOES of LIFE.

In Blank Verse.

THE Woes of Life my Muse, in proper Strains,
 Attempts to sing ; but who can fully shew
 Their various Kinds, and reckon up the Sum ?
 Since the first Man an easy Conquest fell,
 By Disobedience, to malicious Pow'rs,
 None is exempt in any Stage of Life
From

From various Troubles and afflicting Woes.
Embark'd in Sorrows from the Infant Birth,
Poor we roul on, and stem the rapid Floods,
'Till *Lethe's* Gulph, ah deadful Gulph to some!
Or cures for ever, or enhanfes Pain.

The Mind, unite to mortal Flesh, deplores
The fatal Miseries destin'd to be born,
But suffers on without the least Redress,
As wretched Slaves in Gallies toil incessant.

If short Respite the Series of Grief
For a few Minutes interrupts, again
The Pangs of Sorrow, with the greater Force,
Return, and crown the Miseries of Life.

One Woe, when past, is by another urg'd,
And follows close where'er we take our Flight.
As *Sisiphus* with an eternal Toil

The bulky Stone roll'd up the Mountain's Brow,
While always downward to the mighty Center
The Weight inclin'd, and still renew'd his Pain.

GOOD Heav'ns! What Ills are Mortals
doom'd to bear?

Stone, Gout and Cholick, Fevers, Fire and
Sword,

And all th' inseparable Train of Grief,
In various Kinds attend our Steps for ever,
Oppos'd by all the healing Hands in vain.

A thousand Racks in dire Vicissitude
Torment, but keep in sad Suspence, the Life.
Bruises and Bones disjointed, and the Limbs
Broke thro' by Labour, or unlucky Chance,
The Sinews strain'd, and ulcerous Sores oppress,
And gall the Body, while the wretched Mind

In Sympathy endures corroding Woe.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes, like the Waves,
Swell o'er our Heads, and dash us down in
Sorrow.

They

They hang, like *Winter*, on our youthful Hope,
And blast the *Spring* and Promise of our Age;
While hoary Hairs, a Burden by themselves,
Are join'd with all that can impair the Vigour,
And end the Days of momentary Life.

Oft Wounds from foreign Violence we feel,
And fall in Snares by hellish Art contriv'd.
Now Foes attack, or privily disguise
Their secret Malice till a fitter Time;
And then with Interest on our Names, or
Persons,

The sad Arrears of their suspended Rage
Are paid, while we in vain implore for Mercy.
Now Friends turn faithless, and betray our
Cause,

Which aggravates our cutting Pains within:
Then poison'd Arrows of malicious Tongues,
And sly Insinuations to our Hurt,
Improve our Errors, and our Virtues wrong.

92 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Our Goods are ruffled, and our Fame despoil'd,
By sad Oppressors, and misguided Zeal ;
Or Property by arbitrary Powe'rs
Is rob'd, while we in vain for a Redress,
With earnest Cries, and mournful Moan, im-
plore.

Troops of Misfortunes, in a smart Career,
Or by slow Pace, protract the narrow Span,
While to the Grave we for Deliv'rance cry,
But cry in vain to the relentless Fates.

Myriads of Ills assault us from without,
Complete our Misery, and o'erturn the Patience ;
Yet native Woes that lodge within our Breast
Are of all Pains most dangerous and fore.

We noxious Insects in our Bowels feed,
And our own Tyrants too much entertain.

The Spleen with sullen Vapors binds the Spirits,
Obscures the Brain, and causes Woe sincere,
Howe'er Fantastick be the fatal Cause.

High

High Passions bluster in the Mind, like Winds;
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, Anger, Hate,
Mis-tune the Soul with Fury turbulent.

The Will is stubborn, the Affections carnal,
The Understanding clouded, and subdued
By ruling Appetite of Sense, which now
Usurps o'er sov'reign Reason, and commands
The whole of us with uncontrolled Sway.

Sometimes we headlong, by our Passions led,
In thousand Snares and sad Disasters fall.

Sometimes they struggle in our Breasts, and
kindle

A very Wildfire, and create a Broil
Or Civil War, harassing all the Soul.

Thus tortur'd we from Place to Place repair;
From Side to Side in vain for Rest we turn:

Of Night impatient we demand the Day:

The Day once come, we long for dusky Night:

All things in order happen, but Relief

From

94 *Lugubres Cantus.*

From our Distraction and tormenting Woes.
The Heav'n and Earth resound with Cries and
Murmurs
Of ev'ry Age, and Quality, and Sex.
From first to last our Life's a wretched Scene
Of various Sorrows and tormenting Pain.



The Panting Soul.

I.

WHEN, O my God, my Soul surveys
The Wonders of thy Grace,
And glimpses the celestial Rays
Of thy refulgent Face,
Transported to an Ecstasy
Of Gratitude and Love,
I spurn the Bliss beneath the Sky,
And pant for Joys above.

II. THE

II.

THE World and its Delights are vain,
Ev'n Riches sudden fly;
Our Pleasures are allay'd with Pain,
And in th' Enjoyment dye.
The only solid Peace below
Is spiritual and refin'd;
In heav'nly Channels all doth flow,
That satisfies the Mind.

III.

IF Faith at distant Views can raise
The Soul a rapt'rous Height;
From *Pisgah's* Top to *Canaan* gaze,
With Wonder and Delight:
What Glories do the Saints explore,
On the Empyrean Plains,
Where Angels round the Throne adore,
And try celestial Strains?

IV. WERE

IV.

WERE thou, my Soul, amidst the Throng
Of Spirits blest above,
How would'st thou raise thy Heav'nly Song,
Inspir'd by purer Love;
When fix'd in the Eternal View
Of thy Redeemer's Rays,
Which then, unveil'd, to thee shall shew
His Smiles without allays?

V.

COULD I behold his radiant Face,
And see his Heav'nly Court,
I'd welcome Death with fond Embrace,
And wish my Life was short:
Beneath the Load of Flesh I'd groan,
And bless the friendly Hand,
That knocks my Tabernacle down,
And hastes me to the Land.

VI.

O H how I pant to see the Dawn
Of that expected Day!
Ah, Time, thy Chariot's Wheels are drawn
Too slowly! Fly away.
My Soul aspires to purer Food
Than it can share below;
I grasp at an immortal Good,
Where Joys unmixed flow.



AN EPISTLE to Major *P*ACK.

*Occasioned by his Translating the select
Elegies of Catullus, Tibullus, &c.*

WHILE others with unwearied Toil
provide

T' indulge our Avarice, and inflame our Pride,

O

With

With all the splendid Labours of the East,
And sparkling Juice delicious to the Taste;
With wiser Thoughts inspired, you explore
Neglected foreign Learning o'er and o'er,
And what is useful and refin'd of it,
To serve your Country prosperously transmit.
A pleasing Work, tho' not devoid of Pain,
To raise the Spirit of the Dead again;
And make the Labours of your generous Muse
At once exalt your Fame, and be of publick
Use!

OUR *British* Bards have often try'd to save
Your darling Authors from the pow'rful Grave;
Yet all Attempts have fail'd of wish'd Success,
'Till you reviv'd them in an *English* Dress.
Their Beauties suffer'd when aspiring Pens,
With little Art and real Excellence,

Lugubres Cantus. 99

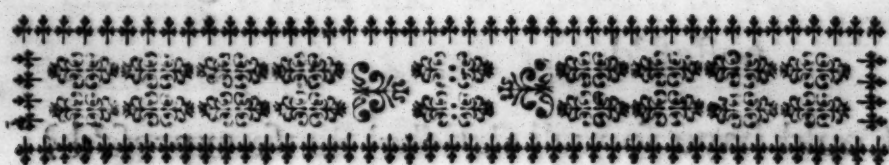
Presum'd to bring them over to our Isle;
To shew us Wit, and yet our Hopes beguile.
You all these former Injuries atone,
And give them Charms and Spirit brighter
than their own.

Who but a Youth, with glowing Warmth
possess'd,
Could have so well *Catullus*' Sense express'd?
Experience is a requisite to tell,
What he compos'd, and you translate so well,
If from his Urn *Tibullus* could arise.
He'd look at once with Pleasure and Surprise;
And frankly own you cast a Light on all
The shining Beauties of th' Original.

Oh how I'm charm'd to see a noble Mind,
Dauntless in War, in time of Peace refin'd!
All like a Lion then, and now like Virgins kind.

100 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Go on, brave Major, may your Life be long,
That we may share the Blessings of your Song!
By Sword and Pen in proper Seasons show,
Both Kinds of Laurel should adorn your Brow:
While I your *Northern* Friend, in humble Verse,
A Brother's Fate, and my own Pains rehearse.



Of MUSIC.

To a Young LADY.



I.

WHEN I am sunk in mournful Cares,
Thy Music, *Celia*, has the Pow'r
To exalt me in enliv'ning Airs
And all my Melancholy cure.

II. YOUR

II.

YOUR Notes upon the Trembling String,
My Griefs to perfect Joy can charm :
Your Voice, whene'er you deign to sing,
Can Fates severest Rage disarm.

III.

BUT soon as I your Presence leave,
And hear no more the quick'ning Sounds,
My former Pains I soon conceive
Return'd with aggravating Wounds.

IV.

THUS when sweet *Orpheus* touched the Lyre,
A Heav'n was form'd in midst of Hell ;
Tormented Ghosts in haste respire,
And Furies pleas'd their Mansion well.

V. BUT

V.

BUT when the Master left the Coast,
 The Flash of Joy expir'd again:
 The short-liv'd Heav'n was quickly lost
 In endless Night and dreadful Pain.

*To FORTUNE.*

I.

CAPRICIOUS *Fortune*, play thy Game;
 Assault my Mind, my State and Fame,
 Or strive to raise my Circumstances high:
 In spite of thee I'll rest secure,
 Despise thy Bounty, scorn thy Pow'r,
 While wrap'd in Virtue unconcern'd I lie.

II.

IF Thou shalt seek my humble Seat,
 And shed thy Treasure at my Feet,
 With

With Caution I'll embrace thy Favours now ;
Yet never trust thy fickle Hand,
Or reckon I unmoved stand,
Upon a Throne that's rear'd by such as you.

III.

If humorous, Thou take away
The Gifts bestow'd the former Day,
I can with ease thy glitt'ring Toys resign.
Why should I feel an inward Pain,
When I return thy own again?

Virtue's sufficient Store, and that's not thine.

IV.

Thou hast of late my Virtue prov'd,
By taking from me what I lov'd ;
A Friend and Brother, dearer far than Life.
Perhaps at such a Stroke thou smil'd,
And joy'd to see my Virtues yield ;
But now I'll shew thee a more generous Strife.

V. ALTHO'

ALTHO' thy Darts without be thrown,
 And hurt me too, I'll gain Renown
 By ruling well the Passions of my Soul :
 When all within is calm and clear,
 In vain thou tries to be severe.
Philosophy's a Guard you can't controul.

The End of the First Part.



Lugubres Cantus.

P O E M S

On several GRAVE and IMPORTANT

SUBJECTS,

Chiefly occasion'd by the

DEATH of the late Ingenious YOUTH

JOHN MITCHELL,

Who dy'd *January 5, 1719.*

In the XIXth Year of his Age.

P A R T II. .

By His F R I E N D .

Daphnin ad Astra feremus, amavit nos quoq; Daphnis.
Virg. Eclog. 5.

LONDON, Printed *Anno Dom. MDCCXIX.*

2000

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To the Ingenious AUTHOR
of the *Second Part* of the
Collection of POEMS enti-
tled, *Lugubres Cantus.*

PHOEBUS at length hath reach'd the fro-
zen North——

Edina's Bards display their native Worth ;

In spite of Fate, their Country's Fame to raise,

And keep alive their well-deserved Praise :

With Emulation fir'd, they now begin

To spread abroad the Labours of their Brain.

With Pleasure we observe, and freely hail,

The sacred Flames which o'er the Cold prevail.

Oh happy Nation where the generous Youth,

More than their Sires, despise ignoble Sloth,

*Betimes exert the Talents they possess,
And glorious shine in midst of their Distress!
Thee, sprightly Boy, whose Verses show thy Mind
Divinely Great, as well as wondrous Kind,
With Zeal officious I congratulate,
And confident foretell thy future happy State.*

*Tho' Fame or Censure on your Work depends,
And not th' Encomium of your ravish'd Friends,
This humble Tribute of unfeign'd Respect,
From one that values all your Lays, accept.
A Muse unknown, impartial, and sincere,
Can ne'er be judg'd a fawning Flatterer.*

*Go on to teach your Countrymen, I pray,
To throw their bastard Modesty away;
Display the Beams of a superior Wit,
And by degrees awake their Will to write.*

*A Reformation is begun of late,
 Your Verse will help it to a perfect State.
 The Tree may grow in an unfruitful Soil,
 But seldom bears without the skilful Gard'ner's Toil.*

R. P.



TO JOHN CALENDER, Esq;

In Imitation of Horace, Ode IX. Book II.

I.

DEscending Show'rs of Hail and Snow,
 And frequent Rains on Earth below,
 Ne'er everlasting prove.

The ruffling Winds may beat the Woods,
 And Chains of Ice confine the Floods,
 But soon their Pow'r remove.

II. The

II.

The Fields of *Ratho* that of late
 Bemoan'd your Friends untimely Fate,
 Their native Pride regain.

The Leaves return to naked Trees,
 The Groves are blest with *Zephyr's* Breeze,
 And glad is ev'ry Swain.

III.

The Sun and Moon alternate rule,
 The Spring doth Winter's Rage controll,
 And Changes grace the Year :
 But you incessant weep and mourn
 For *Mitchell*, laid in his dark Urn,
 With Kindness too severe.

IV.

You know no Measure and no End
 Of Grief for your departed Friend ;
 Altho' you can't relieve,

By

By earnest Pray^{rs}, and loudest Cries,
Desponding Groans, and painful Sighs,
The Youngster from the Grave:

V.

I had a *Garth*, as *Boyd* his *Rowe*,
We loved and lament them too,
Yet yield to Fate's Decree.
Had not your *Lauderdale* a Son?
Did he unchang'd his Loss bemoan
And hold with Heav'n a Plea?

VI.

Thy soft Complaints at last forbear,
Let Joys succeed, and Smiles appear,
And *GEORGE* his Praise proclaim;
Sing *Eugene*, *Marlbro'*, and *Argyle*,
Love, Liberty, and Peace, with Skill,
And spread your growing Fame.

C. Cunningham.

To

To my Friend Mr. Calender,

On his P O E M S

*Occasion'd by the Death of the late
ingenious Youth John Mitchell.*

WHILE you with Tears bedew your
Mitchell's Hearse,

And to his Name rear Monuments of Verse

Immortal, as the Love and Friendship kind,

Which both your Souls in sacred Union join'd,

Forgive my fond Ambition ; nor refuse

The humble Tribute of a grateful Muse.

A Muse, whose Labours scarce deserve to shine,

*Unless approv'd by thee, and join'd to Works of
thine.*

I cannot hope by Verse of mine to raise
 Your Character, and recommend your Lays;
 Yet Zeal and Love inspire my Muse to tell
 What strange Emotions in my Soul I feel;
 How Sympathy affects mine inward Pow'rs,
 When I peruse these mournful Songs of yours:
 Whatever Scene you open to my View,
 Your ancient Pleasures, or your Sorrows now,
 I'm captiv'd quite by the prevailing Song,
 So charming sweet, and yet so mighty strong.
 While briny Tears glide from my melting Eyes,
 Each Verse of yours affords them new Supplies;
 And such Enchantments rise in ev'ry Line,
 I'm forc'd to own the Labour all divine.
 What's Grief to you, yields true Delight to me,
 And thro' your Clouds an Heav'n of Joys I see.

*Go on, my Friend ; nor fear the Criticks Rage,
Or narrow Souls, so numerous in our Age.
Let Old Men snarl at what the Youngster's write,
And duller Youths their Lips with Envy bite :
There is no Danger while your Merits claim,
And the Athenians vouch your Right to Fame.
E'er long to Great Augusta 'twill be known,
That our Scotch Bards deserve as well 's her own.*

Robert Duncan.



Lagubres



Lugubres Cantus.

P A R T II.

AN E P I T A P H

For my Dear FRIEND,

JOHN MITCHELL.

WHO knew the Youth interred here,
And can refuse to shed a Tear?

Such was his Worth, our Loss is such,

We cannot Love, nor grieve too much;

Admir'd by all, as unenvy'd,

He liv'd, and sore lamented dy'd.

Q 2

Tho'

116 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Tho' few his Years, his generous Soul,
Before he reach'd the fatal Goal,
Mature for Heav'n, its native Clime,
Spurn'd at old Age, and left slow Time.
Ye Virtues, Loves, and Graces weep,
And round his Urn your Vigils keep ;
When will ye such a Vot'ry find ?
Or we so good and true a Friend ?



A PASTORAL ECLOGUE,
*Sacred to the Memory of my dear
Friend JOHN MITCHELL.*

Sylvander.

NO more, *Adonis*, tune thy heav'nly
Voice,

And oaten Reed, to sing of rural Joys,

Let

Let Sorrows now become thine only Muse,
Nor to lament the common Loss refuse.
For young *Menalcas*, to our sad Regret,
Is snatch'd from us by an untimely Fate.

Adonis.

Menalcas dead ! oh woful Day to me,
And woful I, who live that Day to see !
Let ne'er the Sun on such a Day appear,
But mourn in Sables each returning Year ;
All Joys to upper Regions be confin'd,
And all below turn gloomy, as my Mind.

Sylvander.

BEHOLD these Fields o'erspread with chil-
ling Snow,——

They seem to share of our afflicting Woe.
No more the Fountains sweetly murmur by,
But stand astonish'd in kind Sympathy.

The

118 *Lugubres Cantus.*

The pleasing Groves are trembling all with
Frost,
And ev'ry Tree laments its Honour lost,
All Nature seems to know our mournful *Theme*,
And suffer deeply in the dire extreme.

Adonis.

WHEN Nature's Pride is ravish'd and
undone,
Her Children all in various Ways bemoan :
Thick surly Clouds obscure the chearful Day,
And living Charms with Sympathy Decay.
So all our Streams, Fields, Groves, and Trees
deplore
Their darling Swain *Menalcas* now no more.

Sylvander.

'Tis just, *Adonis*, that the Scenes he lov'd
Should suffer, when their Ornament's remov'd.
No

Lugubres Cantus. 119

No joyous Pipe should now be heard again,
Nor bleating Flocks upon the pleasant Plain.
No more the Cattle grace the fertile Field,
Nor warbling Birds promiscuous Musick yield.
No Harmony should please the Shepherd's Ear,
Nor Gladness more on any Face appear.

Adonis.

WHILE he was present ev'ry thing look'd gay,
And all our Minutes gently stole away.
But now, alas ! since he's remov'd and gone,
From *Ratho* all our Merriment is flown :
Nor shall our Gladness and our Joys return,
While we remember his untimely Urn.
Sad dewy Sorrow ev'ry Morn shall shed,
And Ev'ning Tears upon the Grass be spread ;
The Streams in Ice stand full of weighty Woe,
Or, when they roll, with watry Sorrows flow.

Let

Let Flocks forget to seek the verdant Food,
And thirsty Cattle the refreshing Flood :
The feath'ry Tribe stand silent in the Groves,
Or raise their Voices like sad widow'd Doves.
No more may Echo any Notes repeat,
But mournful Ones of young *Menalcas*' Fate.

Sylvander.

UNHAPPY Parents! ye have lost a Son,
And with him all your Pleasure here is gone.
O! what Distress o'erwhelms your Spirits now,
When ye *Menalcas*' breathless Body view;
Or cast your Eyes upon his early Grave,
And mind how dear he was and sweetly brave!
My mournful Mind can ne'er express its Grief;
I know no Joy, and seek for no Relief.
For him my Tears shall never cease to flow,
Nor shall my Life th' Allay of Pleasure know.

Adonis.

Adonis.

How were we pleas'd, to see the blooming
Youth

Excel in Knowledge, Honesty, and Truth!
His neighbour Shepherds soon observ'd him rise,
And much esteem'd the well-deserving Prize.
But these with him in sacred Friendship join'd,
Best knew the Charms that in his Conduct
shin'd.

As painted Flow'rs the verdant Meads adorn,
So he to his an Ornament was born:
Yet, like the Morning Dew, since he is dead,
Their Pleasures, and the Hopes of all, are fled.

Sylvander.

AH well-a-day! How soon are we depriv'd
Of Joys on Earth? How sudden and short-liv'd

R

Are

Are all the Charms we doat upon below?
 And, when they're seiz'd, how real is our Woe?
 When teeming *Nature* brings a Blessing forth,
 A Swain distinguish'd for his real Worth,
 He's only sent to yield a short Delight,
 And then to pain us by a speedy Flight.
 Sweet is the Rose, but sudden its Decay;
 And Clouds oft damp the promis'd chearful
 Day.

Adonis.

W H O S E bright Example now shall teach
 the Youth
 To practise Virtue, and discourage Sloth?
 Who shall, like him, avoid the Ills of Strife,
 And give a Pattern of unenvy'd Life?
 No more the fine Embellishments of Art,
 Besides these Gifts which *Nature* did impart,
 Shall

Lugubres Cantus. 123

Shall neighbour Shepherds with Amazement
fill,

And raise a Fondness of mechanick Skill.

Now may the Deer and tim'rous Hare enjoy

Their Dens secure, since none is to annoy.

The flying Fowls of ev'ry Kind may rest

Where'er they please, nor fear to be oppress'd.

Now may the Fishes scorn the fatal Bait,

Leap at the Fly, nor fear a latent Cheat :

For none with him in manly Toils compar'd,

Nor of such Success in Diversions shar'd.

Sylvander.

OH where shall I secure another Friend,

In Censuring slow, but eager to Commend?

A Swain like him, to whom I may impart,

With Safety, all the Secrets of my Heart?



R 2

Adonis.

Adonis.

I was *Menalcas*' Friend, as well as you ;
 And, if you please, I am *Sylvander*'s too.

Sylvander.

Adonis shall *Menalcas*' Room supply.

Adonis.

Menalcas could not love thee more than I.

Sylvander.

YET while I live, the Image of the Swain,
 Whose Fate we mourn, shall in my Mind re-
 main ;

And gratefully I'll mingle ev'ry Year
 His sacred Ashes with a pious Tear.

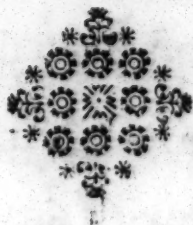
Adonis.

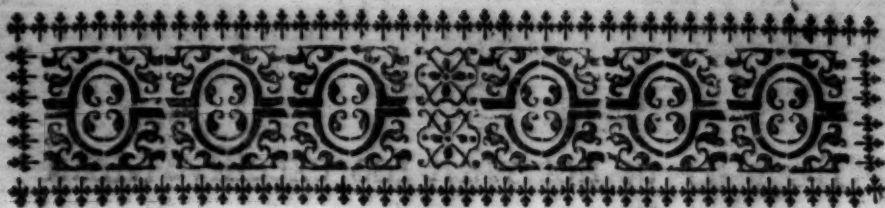
Adonis.

BUT let us not with too excessive Moan
Deplore our Friend, the dear *Menalcas* gone.
He lives Above--- Behold with wond'ring Eye
How Clouds are scatter'd, and how bright the
Sky !

Haste to his Shrine, *Sylvander*, and adore ;
Strew all his Tomb with Boughs and Odours
o'er.

He claims our Praise, and not our Pity, now ;
And from Heav'ns Plains observes whate'er
we do.





A PINDARICK ODE.

I.

NOW I believe it, Flesh is Grass,
And all Below is vain:

The Joys we doat on quickly pass,
And leave most cutting Pain.

Mitchell, the Good, the Generous, and the Kind;

Mitchell, the Young, yet well-experienc'd

Friend;

My best Companion, and my dear Delight,
Is roll'd in Shades of everlasting Night.

His Soul and Body did not part

With more Reluctance, than my Heart

Is tortur'd with the Thought that he,

By unrelenting Fate, so soon is snatch'd from me.

II. O H

O H, how I'm pain'd, when I survey
My Pleasures that are pass'd away!
The Minutes in his Conversation spent,
Roll'd, to my Wishes, gently on;
And each afforded true Content,
All which with him is gone.
'Tis hardly now worth while to live,
So great's the cruel Weight
Of this intolerable Fate,
Which sudden did deprive
My Friend of Life, and left me half undone.

III.

MYSTERIOUS Friendship! who can tell
The Joys thou giv'st, the Pains we feel,
When of thy Comforts spoil'd?
Thy Being yields a present Bliss,
But by thy Flight our Hopes are foil'd.

The

The more refin'd and pleasing Friendship was,
The deeper is the dire Abyfs
Of Sorrows and of Miseries,
Which at a Breach in humane Minds takes
place.

IV.

'T w A s not his Flesh I call'd my Friend,
But his endearing noble Mind !
The groffer Part laid in the Urn,
Is not the Loss I mourn.
Altho' deserv'dly I esteem the Clay,
(And therefore may it calmly sleep!)
That was so well dispos'd to keep
His better Part remov'd to purer Day.
The Want of that dear Happiness
Of mingling Souls, is all the Theme
My mournful Muse doth claim,
Since Sorrows all my widow'd Soul possess.
V. LIFE

V.

LIFE and this Earth grow tedious now;
If once my Griefs turn tedious too,
I'm ruin'd and undone.

With him my Pleasures here are flown;
For as I lov'd him with a mutual Flame,
The tender Youth express'd a true Esteem,
And scarce his Brethren more prefer'd than
me ;

Who also in my Love to them agree.

For never yet were Minds inspir'd,
That had a greater Share
Of Love and Generosity,
With purer Zeal for Learning fir'd,
More honest and sincere.

S

VI. Ah!

VI.

AH! how are all that knew the Youth,
As well as we, distress'd!
All term'd the Parents bless'd,
Who had a Son for Vertue, Love and Truth,
Distinguish'd from the Crowd.
They prais'd the Son for his uncommon Mind
Adorn'd with ev'ry Good;
And as a Pattern for his Peers design'd,
The Disposition and the Conduct brave
Of him that hated Strife;
That scorn'd to flatter, truckle and deceive,
Nor with indulged Vice disgrac'd his precious
Life.

VII.

'Twas not because he far excell'd
In Sports, the Pleasure of our youthly Hearts,
Or

Or that he was much better skill'd
In Labour and mechanick Arts,
(Tho' these deserv'd a due Esteem)
That I admir'd and loved him :
But such Allurements in his Temper were,
His Words so moving and sincere,
His Conduct so exact in ev'ry State,
(As if some Influence joyn'd our Birth)
I could not cease to wonder at,
And love him more than any Friend on Earth.

VIII.

COULD *Ratho* Fields, and silver Rills,
The aged Groves, and rev'rend Hills,
Which from the first Nativity of Time
Have stood, declare how I rejoyc'd with him;
They'd tell how oft unweari'd I have spent,
With real Pleasure and a true Content,

132 *Lugubres Cantus.*

My passing Hours in Company
 With him ; while e'en the Stars above
 (Amongst whose Number he's now placed
 high)

Look'd down and wonder'd at our Love,
 Which persever'd without Allay :
 For nothing could suppress the Fire
 Which Heav'n did generously inspire,
 To be as bright as they.

IX.

YE beauteous Fields, where we have often
 walk'd,

Ye Trees, beneath whose Boughs we talk'd,
 Ye venerable Mountains cloath'd in Green,
 Where we have often sweetly been,
 Henceforth decay, and wither as the Grass,
 Which on the Brow of bleak *Gilboah* was,

E'er

E'er on it *Jonathan* was slain,
The Young, the Generous, and the Kind,
The Son of *Saul*, and *David's* Friend,
Whose noble Blood did all around distain.

X.

No more, ye Birds, with gladfom Notes,
Distend your narrow Throats,
The Youth, whose Musick taught you Art,
And who admir'd your heav'nly Voice,
Is stab'd by Fates resistless Dart,
And finish'd all your Joys.
Ye Streams, that murmur'd tuneful by,
Glide now in sad Solemnity ;
Ye whistling Breezes now no more
Be wanton as before ;
But henceforth mute remain,
As touch'd with Sympathy and Pain :

Be

134 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Be mute as is our *Mitchell's* Urn,
For 'tis but just that ye so true a Lover mourn.

XI.

WHILE Life is mine, my tender Mind
Shall keep the Image of my Friend :
I'll ne'er delight in any Verse
But what adorns his Hearse.
No Bays or blooming Lawrel now,
But Cypress, shall adorn my Brow.
Shew me, ye Swains, some melancholy Cave,
Or some poor Hermit's Cell,
Where I may lonely dwell,
And spend my Sorrows in a living Grave.
The World yields now no real Good ;
The Things which Mortals value are become
To me at best delusive Food,
And Fictions as *Elysium*.

XII. BUT

XII.

BUT thou, sweet Soul, who, like a Blaze
Of Light'ning, came to make us gaze ;
(For sure as it thou shinedst, and as soon
As well display'd, thou was extinct and
gone)

Now free'd from the Hypocrisy and Rage
Of this degenerated Age,

Amidst a sacred Quire

Of happy Spirits with consummate Joys
Sits high enthron'd, and tunes thy heav'nly
Voice

To Songs which the Eternal doth inspire.

There ever live, and rest secure

From all the Pangs your Friends endure.

And, if the Blessed truly know

What living Mortals do below,

You

You cannot fure, be ign'rant of the Grief
 We suffer, void of all Relief;
 Or, now in thy triumphant State,
 Our Toil of Life, and ancient Love forget.



To S L E E P.

I.

COME, gentle *Sleep*, and close mine Eyes,
 Exhausted much by flowing Tears;
 Relieve my Spirits spent with Sighs,
 The outward Signs of inward Cares.

II.

WHEN Toil and Labour tire Mankind,
 Their Body thou recruits again.
 When Sorrows load their wretched Mind,
 Thy balmy Wings beguile their Pain.

III. **T**HOU

III.

THOU art the Death of each Day's Life,
The best kind Nurse that *Nature* has;
When nothing else can finish Strife,
Thy downy Arms create a Peace.

IV.

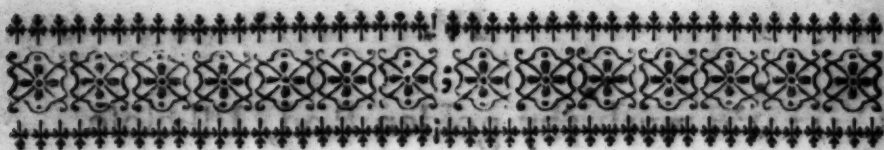
CHARM'D with thy golden Rod, I'll close
Mine Eyes, while buzzing Night endures;
And sweetly dream away my Woes,
While thou command'st my captiv'd Pow'rs.

V.

LET filken Cords my Senses tie,
But fetter not too fast my Mind:
Let mimick Fancy wake, that I
May shape the Image of my Friend.

VI.

I CANNOT really talk with him,
 Since to the World of Minds he's fled ;
 Yet I may see him in a Dream,
 For Dreams can raise the passive Dead.

*The CURIOSITY.*

NO more, Grave Mortals, bid me thus
 abstain

From nat'ral Grief and Curiosity :
 Were you as much distress'd you would com-
 plain ;
 And, perhaps, have more fond Desires than I.

A Friend by far more dear to me than Life,
My better Part, is ravish'd from my Sight.
Does not the Loss deserve sincerest Grief?
May I not seek him from the Shades of
Night?

By what just Laws, O cruel Fates, have ye
(For sure it does a mighty Hardship seem)
Fix'd such a Gulph betwixt my Friend and me,
By which I'm hinder'd to converse with
him?

Your Ways, I own, mysterious are to Man;
Nor is it fit that he your Secrets know:
Yet justify this Conduct if ye can,
Why Freedom is not given to Spirits now?

THE Soul, indeed, to mortal Flesh ally'd,
May be confin'd within a narrow Bound:
But why are these unbody'd thus deny'd
To rove at large, and leap o'er ev'ry Mound.

CAN sep'rate Souls be perfect in their Bliss
While they're restricted to a certain Place?
The thing I always reckon'd Heav'n was this,
To have wish'd Freedom in unbounded
Space.

DIVINES, who nod upon a Pulpit Throne,
Will say that Death all Barrs shall quite
remove:
Then, what's now dark, shall be distinctly
known,
And we may freely talk with those we love.

Y O U R

YOUR humble Servant, Rev'rend Sirs, say I,
Use ye that Freedom, when ye win to
Heav'n.

If but the Pow'rs my Mind would satisfy,
I'd rather Here have that Enjoyment giv'n.

It would refresh and chear my Spirits Here,
And make me all inferior Joys despise :
'Twill be worth little in an equal Sphere,
When I myself shall be as Great and Wise.

To Trav'lers wand'ring in the pitchy Night,
And ev'ry Moment like to lose the Way,
It yields no present Succour and Delight,
To tell them, that To-Morrow 'twill be
Day.

I e'er I shall enjoy again my Friend,
Grant it, ye Pow'rs, on this Side of the
Grave :

A higher Bliss will ravish all my Mind,
On't other Side, than that which here I crave.

Oh thou, my Kindred Saint, regard the Pray'r
Which now I make with earnest Cries to
thee !

" Visit sometimes at least us Mourners here,
" If blessed Souls are from Confinement free.

" DULL narrow Minds will judge it criminal,

" Against me dreadful Anathema's vent,

" And term me *Papist*, since I fondly call

" On thee, my Friend, and dear departed
" Saint.

" THO'

“Tho’ honest Poets can a Licence shew (A)

“For what they either please to say or write;

“Yet I’ll not need Defence to seek, if you H

“Dispel my Clouds with Rays of Heav’nly

“Light..



The D R E A M.

TIR'D with the Nonsense of vain Life;
Laborious Studies, Cares, and Strife;
But chiefly with the deadly Weight
Of Sorrow for my *Mitchell's* Fate;
To ease weak Nature fore oppress'd,
On Bed I borrow'd Time for Rest;
When sudden grateful Slumbers brought
The Object of my waking Thought.

Not

144 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Not pale and frightful did my Saint
(As brain-sick Men their Phantoms paint)
Appear to me, but bright and glad,
He shining smil'd, and sweetly said:

- “ From Regions of eternal Day
“ I'm come (but short must be my Stay,)
“ To visit thee, my curious Friend,
“ In Sorrow too severely kind.
“ I look'd from the Empyrean Plains,
“ And saw thy Tears, and knew thy Pains
“ Were all occasion'd by my Flight
“ From you to more refin'd Delight ;
“ And therefore zealous for thy Sake,
“ I'm come to check thy fond Mistake,
“ To shew I love your Company,
“ And can leave Heav'n awhile for thee.
“ Attend my Sayings then, nor fear,
“ Dispel thy Groans, and wipe each Tear ;
“ Discover

“ Discover that your Friendship’s true,
“ By Gladness, that from Ills with you
“ I’m free’d — and never liv’d ’till now.
“ Tho’ few my Years, and short my Race,
“ With Vanities I weary was.
“ I nothing found worth staying here,
“ Except my Friendships truly were.
“ And even these, howe’er refin’d,
“ Could never satisfy my Mind.
“ I heard of blissful Realms Above,
“ Where pure is Pleasure, lasting Love.
“ My Hopes of that celestial Rest,
“ Amidst my Troubles, fill’d my Breast.
“ With Patience, and Desire of Death
“ To ease me from a painful Breath.
“ ’Tis true, the *Tyrant* pressed sore ;
“ But he was conquer’d, and no more
“ I wrestle with the Storms that blow
“ In your tempestuous World below.

146 *Lugubres Cantus.*

- " For soon as Death had lost its Sting,
" My Soul from Prison took the Wing,
" And soar'd above the vaulted Sky
" To Realms of Bliss and Liberty.
" No longer now lament me dead :
" Behold me living, and be glad
" You have a Friend in that Abode,
" With Saints, and Angels, and your God.
" Pursue me fast, and jointly share
" Consummate Joys and Friendship There.
" Grieve not for me, but wisely learn
" To mind your proper, great Concern ;
" So shall you, as your Days encrease,
" Advance in real Happiness :
" While all the Time you shall not want
" Me for your tutelary Saint.
" My faithful Spirit for your Aid
" Shall often hover round your Head ;
" 'Till

“ ’Till, weary of this World, you rise

“ With me to heav’nly Paradise.

“ FAREWEL, my Friend,--- But ’ere we part

“ I charge you keep a loving Heart

“ To these dear Souls that yet remain

“ Ally’d to me, and suffer Pain.

“ Comfort my aged Parents now,

“ And tell them what I’ve told to you.

“ Bid both my Brothers, and the Maid

“ My Sister, (who such Honours pay’d

“ To my poor Ashes) follow on,

“ And share the Bliss to which I’m gone,

“ Religion is the direct Road

“ That guides to Glory and to God.”

He spake—and with his heav’nly Friends,
A Train of pure ethereal Minds,

That waited on his wondrous Flight,
Return'd to native Realms of Light.



An E P I S T L E

To my dear FRIEND

Mr. JOSEPH MITCHELL,

Against immoderate Sorrow.

ENOUGH, dear Partner of my Loss,
have we,

By Tears and Sighs express'd our Sympathy.

As to the Youth, whose early Fate we mourn,

Our Love (while living) was intense and

known,

Whoever sees our Verses will confess

Our Faith unto his Memory is no less.

Then

Then why in vain do we his Death deplore,
And load our Lives with Troubles vex before?
Shall we for ever of the Fates complain,
And tie our Muses to a mournful Strain?
Could doleful Groans and fun'ral Numbers cure
The cutting Pains that wounded Souls endure,
Remove the Anguish of a troubled Mind,
Create a Heav'n, and make proud Fortune kind;
Then might we still in Sorrows persevere,
And more than Pleasure value anxious Care.
But since instead of yielding sure Relief,
Our Mourning only aggravates our Grief,
As Waters, which Hydropick Men desire,
Serve them, as Fewel kindles up the Fire.
Let us at last our weary Minds solace,
Be brave, and wisely show a cheerful Face.

BELIEVE it, Friend, I reckon ev'ry Grief
Senseless and stupid, but for Sins of Life.

No

150 *Lugubres Cantus.*

No Passion more below the humane Mind,
Unworthy Reason, and absurd I find.

'Tis neither Means to gain a certain Good,
Nor to an End has any Likelihood.

'Tis mourning for a thing that's past, which all
The Pow'rs of Earth can never back recall.

We cannot by our most sincere Complaint,
For better turn so much as one Event.

While cloath'd with Pow'r and Wisdom infinite
A Being that created all doth sit,

And steers the Course of Providence below,
Nothing falls out which can be alter'd now.

Nor Men nor Angels, with united Care,
Events can order, better than they are.

The World with as much Wisdom is govern'd,
As in its first Creation was concern'd:

And did we see the Providential Chain,

We wou'd not find a Fault, nor in the least
complain.

'E R E

'E R E long, my Friend, (for 'tis decreed
by Fate)

We too must pass to an eternal State.
Our Passage lies thro' Death's dead Sea of night
To the blest Haven of immortal Light,
And sure 'tis Folly, standing on the Shore,
To weep for those that launch'd away before.
Should they be mourn'd who happily are free'd
From a foul Prison, and a nauseous Bed?

Would he be thankful to his Friends, whose
Pray'r

Brought him from wholsom into noxious Air?
In mod'rate Bounds, before they overflow,
Let us confine our swelling Sorrows now:
Our raging Passions gloriously controll
Before, unmanag'd, they enslave our Soul.

IN ev'ry Turn, and Exigence of Life,
A gen'rous Mind maintains a noble Strife
For Glory, and the like exalted Ends:
Each Conquest in some virt'ous Acts depends.
In ev'ry State it can appear the same,
And ev'n in Sufferings rise to real Fame.
Thro' thickest Clouds the radiant Sun displays
His mighty Force, and spreads enliv'ning Rays.

THO' Sorrow now, like an impetuous Tide,
Assaults our Virtue fore on ev'ry Side,
Let us with Courage and Submission still
Pay grateful Homage to th' Almighty's Will.
True Bravery spurns Anxiety and Care,
And tramples on the poor Afflictions here.
It triumphs o'er the Thoughts of cruel Fate,
And 'midst Disasters can be fortunate.

'Tis

Lugubres Cantus. 153

'Tis best of Wisdom, to support the Mind,
And trust that better Seasons are behind ;
T' appear amidst our Sufferings serene,
Without all cheerful, and compos'd within.
By being Brave our Fortune we subdue,
And rest unhock'd when angry Tempests blow.
True Valour in a low dejected State
Raifes the Man, and makes him wonder'd at.
Thus the true Diamond retains its Light,
While vulgar Stones are lost in Shades of
Night :

Darkness displays the Lustre of the Gem,
While nought but day can make us notice *them*.

OH ! that we could improve with pious care
The Providence that calls us to prepare !
Happy that Fate that rouzes up Mankind,
Their proper Int'rest and Concern to mind !

154 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Physicians wound with a Design to heal,
And Patients soonest mend who bear Afflictions well.



An E P I S T L L E

T O

Mr. *ROBERT DUNCAN.*

WHILE you in blest *Edina* share
Whate'er on Earth is worth your care,
Enjoy with sweet Experience
All that regales the weary Sense;
And polish well your noble Mind,
With Books and Company refin'd;
In rural Scenes alone I rove,
Oppress'd with melancholy Love:

A

A Friend, whose Life made me prefer
To your's a Country Dwelling here,
Is gone to a more happy State,
And left me struggling with hard Fate.

I DO not (for it would be vain;) The Fellow that once pleas'd my Sight
Of *Providence* or him complain;
The one is Just, the other Right
In making such an early Flight:
But tir'd I am with Toil and Strife,
And all the Nonsense of this Life.
I find no Happiness sincere,
Or else it falls not to my Share;
So long this beaten Tract I've trod,
That now it seems a tedious Road:
The Pleasures of the World I know,
And find them all allay'd with Woe.
The coming Times can yield no more
Than I have tasted here before:

There's nothing new, and nothing good ;
The best is but delusive Food ;
The Groves and Fountains, once my Joy,
By Custom now begin to cloy ;
The Pastures that once pleas'd my Sight,
Afford no more than past Delight.
My Heart with my young *Mitchell* 's flown
To Worlds remote, unseen, unknown:
Nor would I long on Earth remain
In fleeting Bliss and sinful Pain,
Since Pleasure worthy of my Love,
May be enjoy'd with him Above.

ADIEU, vain World ; and hail, ye Woods,
Ye silent Caves, and mournful Floods.
Sweet Contemplation in my Breast
Delight to take thy pleasing Rest ;
With thee from lonely Wilds I'll rise
To Scenes above the upper Skies :
Upon

Upon thy Wings I'll gladly soar,
And all the Realms of Bliss explore.
My Soul to God-like Empire born,
Shall look on Earth with gen'rous Scorn ;
And join the heav'nly Choir Above,
Inspir'd with true ecstatic Love,
Who prostrate at the Eternal's Throne
With Wonder, lay their Ensigns down.

How long, Great God, how long shall I
Immur'd in this dark Prison lie ?
When shall these hated Chains of Clay,
And rising Fogs, be thrown away ?
My Mind is tir'd with Longing here,
And wants to breathe a freer Air.
I pant to see that Excellence
Which at this Distance strikes my Sense ;
To be secure from Storms that blow
O'er this tempestuous World below ;
And .

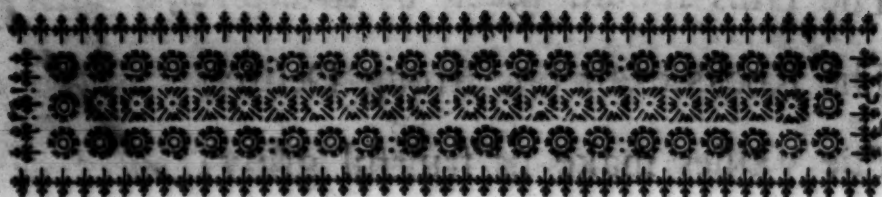
And with immortal Ecstasy
Drink the unmixed Streams of Joy.

SAY, O my Soul, what thou wilt do,
Thy Foes that hold thee to subdue?
Hast thou no Means to use, no Art?
Can'st thou do nothing on thy Part?
My Resolution I'll maintain,
Since Solitude is real Gain.

Retir'd from Clamour, Noise, and Strife,
I'll keep my darling private Life;
Employ my Care about my Mind,
And seek th' Assistance of a Friend,
A Friend Religious, Learn'd, and Wise,---
And such a Friend my *Duncan* is.
Would he approve a humble State,
And chuse with me a rural Seat,
All other Bliss below the Skies,
Compar'd with that, I would despise.

The

The Hills should teach us to aspire ;
The Rocks exalt our strong Desire ;
The Vallies make us fruitful grow ;
The Streams instruct our Thoughts to flow ;
Shepherds should make our Hearts sincere,
And mind us of industrious Care ;
The Sheep should by their Patience preach ;
The Cattle honest Labour teach ;
The Birds by sweet melodious Lays
Lead us to Gratitude and Praise ;
The Fowls of Heav'n afford us Sense,
And bid us trust to Providence :
All that we see, and hear, should shew,
What to evite, and what pursue,
Our Minds with various Matter fill,
And raise our Thoughts with Wonder still.
Nature should lead us to its Spring,
And yield our Muse a Theme to sing.



To DELIA.

Against Weeping excessively.

I.

ALTHO', dear *Delia*, well I know,
 The Tears that trickle from your
 Eyes,
 Are all sincere and nat'ral now,
 As kindly Show'rs descending from the Skies.

II.

YET since they cannot soften Fate,
 And bring your Brother back again,
 They but enhance your wretched State,
 And in the Event will appear but vain.

III. COULD

III.

COULD Tears retrieve a ravish'd Good,
Divert our Care, or bring a Bliss,
Your Streams should mingle in my Flood,
And Seas of Sorrow should not be amiss.

IV.

BUT since 'tis plain they have no Use
To cure our Woe, or Wants redress;
Why should my *Delia* Trifles chuse,
To shew her Love, and tell her mournful Case?

V.

BETTER it suits a noble Mind
To cloath with chearful Smiles the Face:
Such vulgar Things were ne'er design'd,
For Souls, like yours, of a superior Race.

Y

WITH

VI.

WITH your own self maintain a Strife,
 And yield to the Almighty's Will:
 True Brav'ry spurns the Dregs of Life,
 And Patience eases what Mankind calls Ill.

*DAVID's ELEGY,*

On the DEATH of

Saul and Jonathan.

Done into English Verse, from 2 Sam. i. 19, &c.

SOON as the Tidings came to *David's* Ears
 Of *Israel's* Rout, wth floods of flowing Tears,
 In tragick Strains he uttered thus his Moan,
 For *Saul* the King, and *Jonathan* his Son.

A H

AH fatal Day! For *Israel's* Strength and Pride,
The Joy of all the wond'ring World beside,
Inglorious now on Mount *Gilboah* lie,
While conqu'ring Foes insult their Misery.
How are they slain, the mighty Warriors slain!
The Royal Blood the rugged Rock doth stain.
The mighty Fall foretels approaching Fate :
Who shall support alas! our sinking State?
Defenceless now, to each invading Hand
Expos'd is our unhappy, ruin'd Land.

BE dumb, O Fame, let not *Philistia* know
The fatal News of *Israel's* mighty Woe.
Oh, let not *Gath*, and *Askelon* rejoice,
And for our Sorrows raise their tuneful Voice.
If the proud Daughters of our Aliens hear
The dismal Tale, refresh'd they will appear,

164 *Lugubres Cantus.*

At Feasts and Balls their raised Joy express,
 And loudly triumph in our sad Distress ;
 Above our God they'll spread their *Dagon's* Fame,
 And pay their grateful Homage to the Idol
 Name.

AND thou, O Hill, thou ignominious Hill,
 On which the brave, the warlike Heroes fell,
 Where *Israel's* Beauty basely was defac'd,
 And *Israel's* Strength by bloody *Heathens* chas'd,
 Be no more hence the painful Peasants Care,
 But still the Marks of dreadful Veng'ance bear ;
 For ever curs'd to future Times remain
 A barren, hideous, unfrequented Scene :
 May righteous Heav'n eternal Judgments send,
 And let no Dew, no Show'rs of Rain descend,
 Let gloomy Clouds above thy Surface fly,
 But never shake their Fleeces to supply
 Thy blasted Brows with Water at thy Cry. }
 May

May thy bleak Face for want of Rain divide,
And scorch'd with heat thy Entrails open wide;
May never Grass, nor Blades of growing Corn,
Nor one green Tree thy desert Wilds adorn:
Let never Flocks or Cattle more be known,
Nor Off'rings on thy Top for Guilt atone.
For there the Shield of *Saul* was basely lost,
The Brave pursu'd by an insulting Host;
The warlike Soldiers there ignobly fled,
And polish'd Weapons mingled with the dead.
His Sword, which all Opposers long subdu'd,
Is uselefs now, since *Saul* is roll'd in Blood.
Our Nations Bulwark, and the best of Kings,
Lie undistinguish'd in the heap of vulgar things.

AND *Jonathan*, the Young, the Friend,
the Brave,
Fell there, and wants the Honours of a Grave.

Alas!

166 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Alas! dear Youth, who never fled before,
Thou ly'st, unburied, in thy reeking Gore.
Thy blooming Laurels and thy Victories
Are made a Prey to Beasts and cruel Enemies.
The rattling Arrows from thy bended Bow
Have pierc'd ten thousand valiant Soldiers thro'.
As many Shafts as thy full Quiver held,
So many Fates you scatter'd round, and kill'd.

How great it was to see the *Heroes* come
With Pomp of War and noble Trophies home,
Congratulated by the shouting Throng,
That saw the Chariots move in State along;
While Crowds of Captives in the March appear,
Encircled round with Soldiers in the Rear?
Our Daughters then in precious Silks array'd,
With loud Huzza's their inward Joys display'd:
With Songs and Dances met them on the Way,
And gave fresh Triumphs to the glorious Day.
Thus

Lugubres Cantus. 167

Thus *Israel's* Monarch and his valiant Son W
With Honour fought, and all their Battles won.
Together were heroically Great,
Unshock'd in War, and always Fortunate
'Till vanquish'd on *Gilboah's* Top they fly,
And, in the Sight of Heathen Victors, dye.

THE Royal Pair, with heav'nly Graces
crown'd,
Thro' all the Land of *Israel* were renown'd,
In Hours of Peace still pleasant and serene ;
Smiles cloath'd their Face, and Mildness all
their Reign.

Their Greatness easie, graceful was their Port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp and Court.
To all their Subjects loving, kind and dear :
But for their Valour in the bloody War,
Their Neighbours Terror and amazing Fear.

With

With strongest Bonds of Love and Friend-

ship ty'd

They liv'd, and as they jointly liv'd they dy'd:

No Form of Death their Union could divide.

Swift, as the hungry Eagles, to pursue,

Or like fierce Lions, to attack their Foe.

Prepar'd they were, and with undaunted

Might

Still made a Triumph of a doubtful Fight.

DAUGHTERS of *Salem*, and ye Virgin Throng,

With joint *Concerto's* in a funeral Song

Express your Grief, your inward Sorrows show,

And, veil'd in Black, aloud lamenting go.

Great is your Loss, your Sov'reign *Saul* is dead,

Who richly all the Land of *Israel* fed;

Adorn'd your beauteous Persons with Array,

Grac'd o'er with Pearls, that shined as the Day.

'Twas

'Twas he that gave you all the wish'd Delight,
That pleas'd your Taste, and gratify'd your Sight,
Whose Sword won Bracelets for your tender
Arms,

And precious Gems, t' encrease your lovely
Charms ;

Enrich'd your Towns with Trophies from afar,
And made all *Judah* Great with Spoils of War.

How are they slain, the mighty Warriors
slain !

What Royal Blood the rugged Hills doth stain !

How valiant Soldiers on the Ground lie dead,
And others in inglorious Triumph led !

Ah, dismal Day ? How the outrageous Foe
Exults in Slaughter, glories in our Woe !

Hark ! How their Sounds of loud Eulogiums
rise,

Which *Echo* from the craggy Cliffs replies !

Z

Hear

170 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Hear, how their Streets with Acclamations
ring,
And all their proud *Barbarian* Daughters sing,
While to their carved Gods sad *Israel's* Spoil
they bring.

Oh *Jonathan*, how dear wert thou to me?
How precious is my Brother's Memory?
The Lambs and Wolves shall sooner be com-
bin'd,
Than thy lov'd Idea perish from my Mind.
A wondrous Love! more strong, because more
pure,
Than that which Men for Womankind endure.
What gen'rous Friendship hast thou strangely
shown,
To raise thy Rival to thy Father's Throne?
With Floods of Tears from an afflicted Soul
Thy Fall, my dearest Brother, I condole.
But

Lugubres Cantus. 171

But, ah! my Grief with thy too rigid Fate
I never can with due Proportion rate.

So great a Loss deserves a Sea of Woe;
And no Excess can in my Sorrows grow.

How are they slain, the mighty Warriors
slain!

The warlike Weapons drawn? but drawn in
vain!

Ah! wretched *Israel*, who shall now withstand
The bold Invaders of thy sacred Land?
Who lives behind the *Pagan* Arms t' engage,
Revenge our loss, and quell their haughty rage?
Alas! Confusion waits our wretched State,
And we're expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate.
But ye, bless'd Shades, who Hand in Hand
took flight

From that curs'd Hill to Realms of purest
Light,

172 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Rest now secure in everlasting Peace:

Your ancient Brav'ry dashes out Disgrace.



PSALM xc. *Paraphras'd,*

At the Request of Mr. Mitchell.

THRO' the bewild'ring Mazes we have
trod;

Thou hast to us been an indulgent God.

Safe in thy mighty, everlasting Arms,

We feel no Pain, nor fear the worst Alarms.

In midst of Foes thy Providence defends,

And Help from Danger most propitious sends.

'ERE yet the Mountains by thy Pow'r
appear'd,

And the strong Pillars of the Earth were rear'd;
'Ere

'Ere in the dark capacious Womb of Space
This mighty Ball display'd its beauteous Face,
Thou wert, O God, and always art the same:
Eternity can ne'er consume thy Name.
Not so is Man, who breaking from the Womb,
Steps o'er the Stage into the gaping Tomb ;
Breathes for a while, and takes his speedy Flight,
At Dawn of Life, to Shades of endless Night.

A thousand Years are like a Day that's past;
Or like a Watch, whose Hours unminded waste.
To thee, whose Age from Time's Assaults secure,
Uncircumscrib'd for ever doth endure.
Thou as a Torrent sweep'st Mankind away:
Their Stream of Life hastes to Duration's Sea.
We vanish soon, like Dreams, which cheat
the Mind,
And leave no fix'd Impressions there behind.

As

As verdant Beauties all the Meads adorn,
Enliven'd by the smiling Sun at Morn;
But robb'd of Influ'nce, at the Ev'ning die,---
Or in a State of wretched Ruin lie :
So we at first a Lustre seem to wear,
But on a sudden droop and disappear.

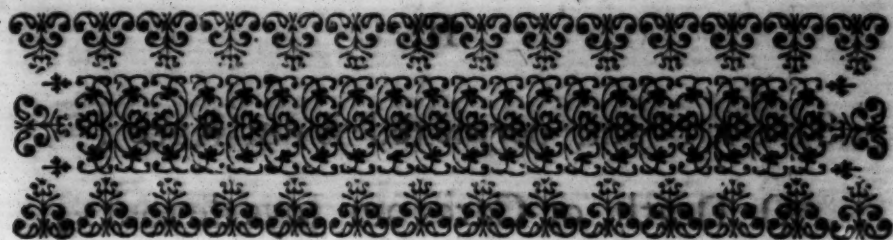
WE by thine Anger are to Sorrows doom'd,
Harrass'd with Ills, and mis'rably consum'd:
Our publick Crimes thou sett'st before thy Face,
And shew'st our secret Sins to our Disgrace.
No Error can escape thy searching Eye,
Nor pass unpunish'd in thy Presence by.
Beneath thy Wrath our fleeting Days we spend,
Like Tales that quickly, unregarded, end.
To eighty Years the Strong perhaps arrive,
Tho' few the Age of seventy now survive ;
Yet Pain and Sorrows make their Life decay,
And fly at last like swiftest Birds away.

The

The slender Thread by unrelenting Fate
Is cut at once, and closes up their Date.

BUT who thy Anger's dread Effects revere,
And for their Guilt express becoming Fear?
Altho' thy Hand is lifted up or stay'd,
As we behave, what Man is better made?
Teach us, O God, to calculate our Time,
By doing well, and shunning ev'ry Crime;
To sacred Wisdom all our Hearts apply,
That we may learn to live aright, and die:
Let us not always, Lord, thy Absence mourn,
And still complain we feel thine Anger burn.
Thy suffering *Jacob* yet in Pity hear,
Revoke thy Sentence, and regard their Prayer.
Let Beams of Mercy shine thro' Clouds of Woe,
Lay down thy Arms, and be no more our Foe;
That 'ere of Death we feel the parting Strife,
Our Souls may taste the sweet Delights of Life;
Ere

'Ere our Afflictions plunge us in Despair,
Thy Favour show, and make us Pleasure share.
As large Amends for all our Sorrows past,
Let Peace, Compassion, and kind Comfort last.
May Joys proportion all our former Tears,
And match the Term of our afflicted Years.
Perfect the Work long promis'd and design'd,
That all thy Servants may Deliv'rance find ;
Their Hearts no longer may be griev'd and sad,
But thro' their Faces shine serenely glad :
Nor let thy Goodness know a mournful End,
But to our Children all its Sweets extend.
And that our Crimes may ne'er provoke thee
more,
The Conduct of thy Spirit we implore ;
Gild all our Paths, our needful Labours bless,
And crown our passing Days with endless
Happiness.



To my Young FRIEND,
WILLIAM MITCHELL.

I.

AS tender Trees, that were before
The Hope and Pride of all the
Plains,
Their Beauty lose, and languish fore,
When beat by frequent Winds and Rains,
So you, *Alexis*, gay of late,
Now groan beneath the Blasts of Fate.

II.

SHORT and perplexed is our Race ;
 Or Death, or Cares our Joys devours ;
 No Glories of the Mind or Face
 Can soften the relentless Pow'rs :
 Else brave *Menalcas* yet had liv'd,
 Nor had the fair *Alexis* griev'd.

III.

BUT since the upright Souls are blest'd
 With better Life above the Skies,
 And Man is doom'd to be distress'd,
 While in a Vale of Miseries;
 We should not grudge our Friend's Exchange,
 Nor think our present Suff'rings strange.

IV.

BEAR up, dear Boy, and nobly haste

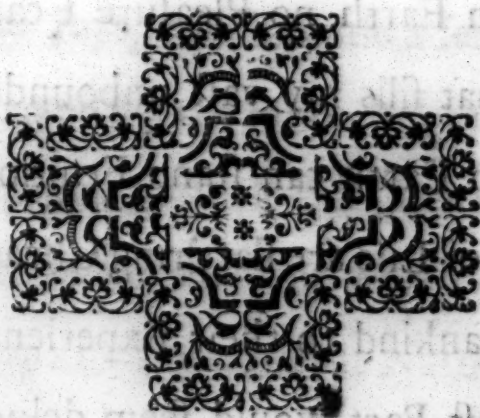
To reach the Heav'n your Brother shares;

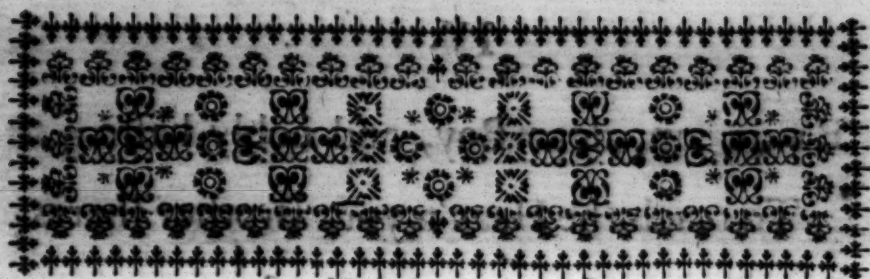
Let Hopes of an eternal Feast

Engage your Toil, and sweeten Cares:

Nor think the Time too fast doth move,

That hurls you to your choicest Love.





Of **HAPPINESS.**

IF Happiness is seated in Content,
 The Want of it I justly may lament :
 For here on Earth no Pleasure I can find,
 Nothing that fills my vast unbounded Mind.
 No Bliss on Earth can stand Fruition's Test;
 The Goods of Life are flatt'ring Cheats at best.
 This all Mankind to their Experience know,
 Yet the most Part would seem deluded so;
 That in the midst of Error and Deceit
 They fondly hope to find a happy State.

Tho'.

Tho' often fool'd, and taught their Hopes are
vain,

They grasp the Wind, and trust the World
again.

But let them search for chymick Gold, while I
Expect no solid Blifs below the Sky :

No empty Shadows longer I'll pursue,
But pity those deluded Fools who do.

Honour and Riches are too mean, I find,
To yield Content unto a gen'rous Mind.

The carnal Joys, which please a sensual Taste,
Grow sour, and fly, the more they are embrac'd.

Let other Souls at such Delights aspire,
The greatest Blifs that I on Earth desire,

Is to discern the Bounds that Nature made,
And understand how vain are Things that fade;

To govern well the Empire of my Soul,
Direct the Will, and Passions all controul;

Thro'

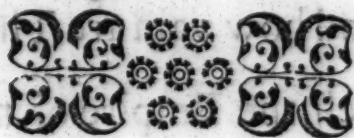
Thro' all the glitt'ring Scenes of Life preserve
 My Innocence, and never rashly swerve
 From Paths of Virtue, charmed by the Voice
 Of tempting Pleasures, and bewitching Joys.

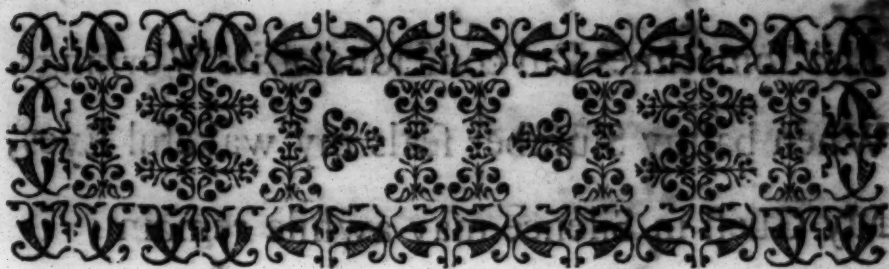
AND since my native Faculties ascend
 To thee, O God, their Cause, their Guide
 and End,

Let my Endeavours, like my Thoughts, aspire,
 'Till I enjoy my Soul's supreme Desire.

The Good which thou the chiefest Good can'st
 give,

That suits my Taste, and, like my Mind,
 will live.





*Of the Immortality of the SOUL,
and a future STATE.*

IN BLANK VERSE.

WHAT wond'rous Being lodges in
my Flesh?

A thinking, God-like Substance in me reigns,
Which, by a strange, mysterious Union joyn'd,
Governs the various Members of my Body;
But is expos'd to no corporeal Sense:

No just Conception have I of its Essence;
I only know it by its thinking Pow'rs,
And find 'tis not of passive Matter form'd.
Without

Without Cessation it maintains Existence,
Tho' sometimes I'm conscious of its Workings.
When balmy Slumber seals my wakeful Eyes,
My Guest in Silence may awhile remain ;
But soon it rouzes its recruited Virtues,
And I'm convinc'd it liv'd when Death's Re-
semblance

Had laid my Body in unactive Postures.
Nor can I doubt that this amazing Pow'r,
Which in this Life so oft reviv'd I feel,
Will have a Being when my Body lies
In the dark Grave, or scatter'd by the Winds.
Already I perceive an inward Struggle,
A mighty Longing for immortal Life.----
My Soul, condemn'd by Fate to this dull Prison,
Beats hard for Exit, when she takes a View
Of her own self, and high aspiring Thoughts:
She spurns her Cage, and all th' alluring Baits
That Earth and sensual Fancy can propose.
While

Lugubres Cantus. 185

While flush'd with Hopes, and prompt by
strong Desires

Of endless Living, she beholds with Horror
Her ancient, useless, silent State of Nothing.

The Thoughts of Ruin makes her shrink
within me,

And grudge Alliance to a fading Body.

Sure there's hereafter an eternal State ;

A still-beginning, never-ending Age ;

A Race which fleetest Time can never run ;

When my best Part shall also have a Being,

And reap the just Reward of present Labours.

With Pleasure I survey the distant World,

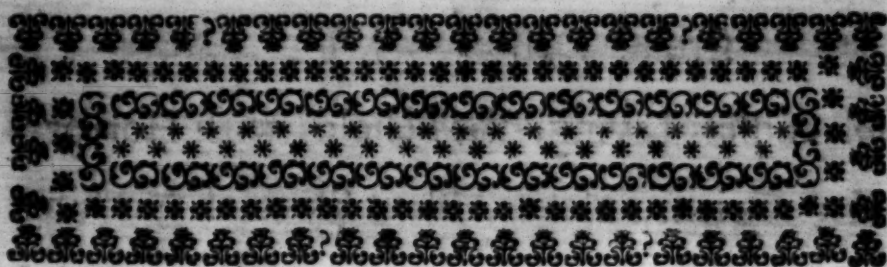
Tho' dark as yet, and scarce discover'd well.

Virtue's immortal as its Source divine,

And cannot miss proportioned Rewards ;

Since Heav'n's as Just, and Good, as highly

Great.



An E P I S T L E

T O

Mr. *ROBERT BLAIR.*

WHILE you, dear *Blair*, my old, my
honest Friend,

With Men and Books improve your curious
Mind ;

By turns, the Muse's sacred Arts pursue,
And search all Nature's winding Mazes thro';
Draw largely now from the *Pierian* Spring,
And then, t' unbend your lab'ring Spirits, sing :

I,

I, once the sweet Companion of your Life,
Am here condemn'd to an eternal Strife
With raging Passions, which invade my Soul,
And all my Reason wou'd by Force controul.
As Vessels toss'd in a tempestuous Night,
Require more Hands than one to steer them
right :

So almost basely conquer'd or misled,
In humble Strains I ask your gen'rous Aid.
Brave Minds with Pity and Compassion glow,
And gently strive to cure a Neighbour's Woe :
At least, when boasted Friendship is sincere,
The Parties one another's Troubles bear.
They jointly share in ev'ry Storm of Fate,
And, by dividing, lighter make the Weight.

SOME sort of Pity evidently rests
In the most savage and unmanag'd Beasts:

188 *Lugubres Cantus.*

For their own Kind they show a tender Zeal,
And seem to labour for their Common Weal.
But Nature form'd the Hearts of all Mankind
In the soft Mould of Sympathy refin'd.

Our Brother's Woes us wretch'd and mourn-
ful make ;

Like yielding Wax, our Souls th' Impres-
sion take.

THO' nobler Bus'ness hath engross'd your
Care,

And new Companions more your Converse
share,

You cannot hear my melancholy Case,
And not be touch'd with Sorrow and Distress;
Nor can I (tho' unjust it seems) forget
T' afflict you with Accounts of my now ad-
verse Fate.

SINCE

SINCE I, wretch'd Youth! so fondly said
adieu

To all my City Friends of late, and you,
The Swain, whose Presence made the Coun-
try glad,

Whose Life was all the Pleasure that I had,
Dearer to me than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Dearer than any Jewel I can name,
Is gone, for ever gone to endless Day,
And carried with him all my Joys away;
I labour to o'ercome the Stroke in vain---
Each Thought of him melts all my Pow'r
again.

My headstrong Passions hardly can be check'd,
Since all my inward Faculties are wreck'd.
My Mind despairs of any sure Relief,
While thus expos'd to ev'ry Gust of Grief.

As

As Shores lie open to the blust'ring Waves,
Or harmless Peasants to th' Insults of Knaves,
My Soul in perfect Anarchy remains,
And nought but Uproar ranges thro' my Veins.

O Reason come with an almighty Force,
E'er Grief my Soul from this clay Cage divorce ;
Let not my Passions, which outfly the Wind,
Tear up my Virtues, and unman my Mind ;
Be thou a Mound against the swelling Flood,
Left Melancholy prey upon my Flesh and Blood.

SOMETIMES unmov'd, as on a Bay I stand,
And seem to have my En'mies at Command.
Thro' rolling Waves and Rocks of black
Despair

I bravely strive my virt'ous Bark to steer :
But when the raging Hurricans arise,
My Vessel founders, and my Brav'ry dies ;
I

I fall a Sacrifice to cruel Foes,
And groan beneath a Load of aggravated Woes.

MYSTERIOUS Friendship! Thy commanding Pow'r
Makes me these piercing Pangs of Grief endure.

The more exalted were my former Joys,
The more sincere and lasting were my Tyes;
The deeper is the present Pain I bear,
And darker are the Clouds that o'er my Days appear.

THOSE who ne'er felt the Sweets of virtuous Love
Cannot in Justice blame the Pangs I prove.
As Swains can never judge of Learning well,
Who ne'er were taught the Letters, or to Spell ;

Or,

Or, Blind of Colours, and the Deaf of Sounds ;
So who ne'er lost a Friend cannot condemn
my Wounds.

Y E T Pity may alleviate my Distress,
And good Advices make my Burden less :
Let me then, *Blair*, your friendly Succour
prove ;
Here's Work for both Philosophy and Love,
If your Professions be sincere and true,
Condole with me, and taste my Sorrows now ;
And if your Studies can afford Relief,
Oh send it soon to cure or moderate my Grief!





P S A L M XXiii. *Imitated.*

I.

WHILE He, who *Israel* saves from
Harm,

- Protects me by his mighty Arm,
And feeds me with a Shepherd's Care,
No Good I'll want, no Ill I'll fear.

II.

H E guards me with a watchful Eye,
As on the matted Grass I lie,

C c

Where

194 *Lugubres Cantus.*

Where silver Streams, with gentle Tide,
To raise my Joys, serenely glide.

III.

My Steps he guides, and when astray
I wander from his righteous Way,
Reclaim'd by him I'll still go on,
And make his Love and Praises known.

IV.

When thro' Death's gloomy Shade I walk,
E'en there I'll of his Goodness talk,
Nor fear the least Surprise, while God
Charms all the Passage with his Rod.

V.

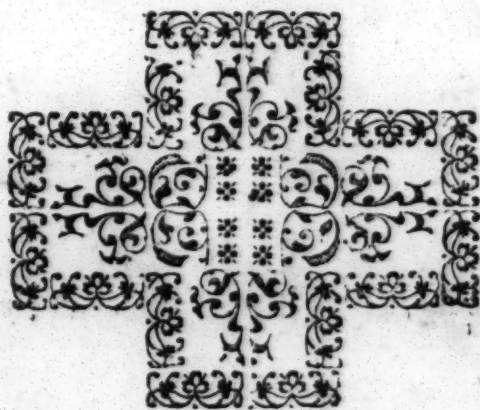
'Tis He who does my Foes confound,
While in their Sight my Cup is crown'd,

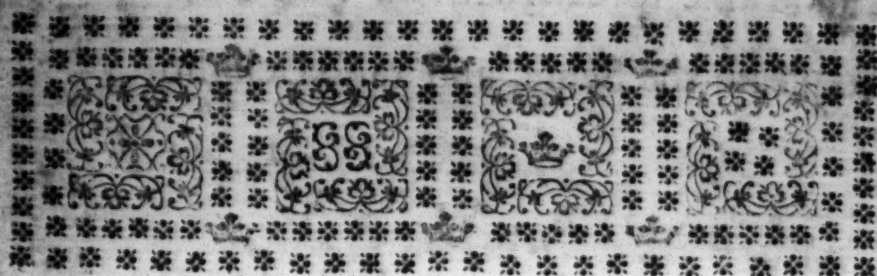
And

And Table spread with all that's fit
To please the Sense, and raise Delight.

VI.

To Him who feeds me with his Love,
I never shall ungrateful prove;
But consecrate my Life and Fame,
All that I have, and all I am.





The ELEVATION.

I.

ENOUGH, my Soul, of earthly Joys!
 Thou seest the choicest Pleasure here,
 When oft repeated, fours and cloyes,
 And nothing can be tasted that's sincere.

II.

THE brightest Things below the Sky
 But flatter and deceive the Mind:
 And soon the sweetest Objects dye,
 Which most we value, and esteem refin'd.

III. THE

III.

THE humble Grounds where Sorrows grow,
And true Delight can never be,
No more shall charm my Spirits now,
Nor make a willing Prostitute of me.

IV.

THERE is a Land above the Stars,
(Where my young *Mitchell* has his Home)
Its Joys are free from Guilt and Snares,
No Grief nor Danger near its Borders come.

V.

TH' Eternal there has fix'd his Throne,
Which Angels in their Ranks furround;
Before it shining Saints are prone,
And all the Roofs with *Hallelujahs* sound.

VI. THE

VI.

THE Sun and Moon are useless there :
A greater and more hallow'd Light
For ever gilds the Hemisphere,
And ravishes the Soul, as well as charms the
Sight.

VII.

HEAV'N's native Rays with Splendour shine,
The Glory spreads thro' endless Space,
No Bounds the rapt'rous Bliss confine,
No Time divides the Seasons of the Place.

VIII.

THE Joy in full Perfection flows,
And glides in mighty Circles round ;

True

True Peace no Interruption knows,
And purest Love and Transports still abound.

IX.

MOUNT to the Hill where *Moses* stood,
And view, my Soul, the Landskip o'er:
You'll scorn the Fears of *Jordan's* Flood,
When you by Faith yon *Canaan's* Land explore.

X.

I see the distant dazling Light,
And now I feel my Spirits rise:
I long, I pant to wing my Flight,
And view the Land with unbecclouded Eyes.

XI.

My Soul almost forsakes its Clay,
And scorns to dwell with mortal Worms:

It claims a Place, and foars away
To joyn above its own cogential Forms.

XII.

Fly, lazy Time, and headlong roul
 My weary Life unto an End:
 Angelick Bands, receive my Soul,
 And bear it up to joyn my happy Friend.

F I N I S.



